

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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TWO SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6½d.



1. "The Great Cause" (Mr. Gerald Loder).

2. "He said I was worn out. Do I look like it?" (Sir Robert Peel).

3. "Personalities are sometimes necessary" (Sir W. Marriott).

4. "A worn-out old weather-cock, which is now so rusty

It cannot turn round again" (Sir E. Clarke).

5. Primroses.

6. Violets.

7. "This contest has been to me the elixir of life."

8. "One Crown, one Empire, and 23 Parliaments; and they won't add

just a little one more for Orland, and say 24" (T. P. O'Connor).

SKETCHES AT THE BRIGHTON ELECTION.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I read in the *Literary News*—and, thank Heaven! it is news to me—that one of the most prolific novelists of the day is “able to repeat from memory every word he has written.” If he can do it, there is no doubt he does it—nor, indeed, should we otherwise have obtained this information. Not since the great American reservoir burst has anything been heard of so alarming. Who is it? Who are his friends? I hate these half-and-half paragraphs of news. If a paper thinks it its duty to hint at the existence of such a scourge of humanity in our midst, it should also give us his name, in order that we should avoid him. As matters stand, it has brought every writer of fiction under suspicion. I know lots of them—prolific ones, too—but I don't know which of them the paragraph alludes to. At any moment one of them may begin with: “It was a summer morning, when two travellers might have been seen descending one of the vine-clad hills in Languedoc. The elder of the two”—Well, of course one knows all about it, down to the end of the third volume—but *that* wouldn't stop him. Would the police interfere? I doubt it, though he would be worse than anything dumb without a muzzle.

I am thankful to say that my own experience of the prolific novelist is different. He forgets all the stories he has written (which accounts for his so frequently plagiarising from himself) except the last. If he takes up a remote volume he remembers nothing of it, and is very much interested in the dénouement. “This is very good,” he says to himself. “What a genius I must have had *even then*! What wit, what fancy; and how dirt cheap they went!” But he doesn't read it aloud. No wife is such a Griselda as to stand it. His family (I need hardly say) would not submit to it for five minutes. They would snatch the book away. Poets, of course, are different; but poets get locked up for other reasons besides debts.

This tale about the novelist with a memory, even if true, is, in my opinion, “unfit for publication”—it is too shocking; but to badinage, ridicule, chaff, we poor story-tellers have (fortunately) no objection. There was an admirable “recipe for a novel” in the American *Puck* the other day. “Select a fresh young heroine of about one hundred and twenty pounds; hero in due proportion and also fresh; sweeten with domestic virtues and sprinkle with artistic tastes. Chop your sentences quite small and garnish with exclamations, but do not mince matters in the love-making. . . . Take a well-seasoned ‘situation,’ and carefully remove all traces of probability. . . . A little froth skimmed from other literature makes an ornamental finish.” This is the best piece of Anglicised American wit I have ever come across.

It is quite curious how, in the late discussions concerning political bribery at the time of the Union, that offence has been considered by both sides in the light of a novelty. When George III. was a young King, John Ellis, Esq., “a violent party man,” was once brought before the Bar of the House of Commons respecting some “irregularity”—not bribery—in a recent contested election. “We understand, Sir,” said one of his examiners, “that a very considerable sum of money was expended in the election for the purpose of corrupting the voters. Do you know of any such bribes having been actually accepted?” The witness appeared unable to comprehend this question. “Why, I was the agent of one of the candidates! Of course our party bribed all we could get to accept the money.” A pause, though not of astonishment, we are told, here pervaded the House. “But if, as you say, you bribed right and left, how do you account for your man not getting in?” “It was the simplest thing in the world: the other party outbribed us.”

In earlier times matters were worse. In the memoirs of the Marchioness de Pompadour is a letter from an English Minister to Cardinal Fleury, in which he says, “I pension half the Parliament”—this was done by means of the Secret Service Money, the douceur ranging from £500 upwards—“to keep it quiet. But as the King's money is not sufficient, they to whom I give none clamour for war. It would, therefore, be expedient for your Eminence to remit me three millions of French livres to silence these barkers. Five thousand pounds a year will make the most impetuous warrior in Parliament as tame as a lamb.”

At Wendover, in 1768, the electors received so many golden reasons for voting for Mr. Atkins, a lace manufacturer, instead of the candidate of their landlord, Lord Verney, that he was returned; whereupon his Lordship “ejected all his tenants immediately, who lived for six months” (but in clover) “in huts and tents.” Fourteen years later “The Man in the Moon,” of whom we used to hear so much at election times, for the first time visited this planet: he descended at Wendover, and his Lordship's nominee was again defeated—this time by lunar influence.

We have certainly improved in these matters, especially as regards judicial bribery. It is only by mistake, it seems, that a County Court Judge the other day accepted sausages from a suitor. This gentleman was a pork-butcher, and naturally made his little offering in kind. “Are you the person who sent me sausages?” said the Judge. “You really mustn't do it. I am afraid you did it with a view to this application. I was obliged to take them, because I didn't know where to send them back; and I am bound to say that they were extremely good—but you really mustn't do it.” How differently “large-browed Verulam, the first of those who knew” (though there were others who “knew a thing or two” in the same line before him) would have treated that pork-butcher! Far from rejecting his sausages, he would have gone the whole hog—taken a porker.

The feat of “two single gentlemen rolled into one” has been surpassed at Cambridge, where we read that no less than four mathematical geniuses have been “bracketed together for the position of Senior Wrangler.” This must be a very good thing for No. 5, who, if interrogated about his position in the Tripos, will naturally reply, without entering into tedious details, “I was next to the Senior Wrangler.” The adjudicators of the two Smith's prizes for the year have also placed two of the four names in alphabetical order, not desiring to give precedence to one essay over another. With all due deference, however, I think they have here made a mistake. The one essay was entitled “The Complete System of 148 Concomitants of Three Ternary Quadrics in Terms of which all others are expressible as Rational Integral Algebraic Functions, with an Account of the Present Theory of Three such Forms.” It seems to me very difficult to beat that. I have not read the work, but am keeping it for the Christmas holidays, when I always permit myself a little light literature; but the subjects strike me as out of the common, whereas the other essay was merely upon “The Vibrations of Curved Rods;” with which every schoolboy is acquainted.

There are, it is well known, many disadvantages attendant upon that state of life which the newspapers delight in terming “august,” especially among the female sex. Royal ladies (though there have been exceptions in this country) cannot marry the man of their choice, but have him selected for them; they are often married by a minister who is not a clergyman: their area of friendship is restricted, and they are forbidden to read the Radical newspapers. We are now informed that in Germany, at least, they are not allowed to see a dressmaker. From what one knows of ladies who are not “august” this must be prohibition severe indeed. There was of late a certain eccentric Duke who, though very ill, would never consent to see a doctor. His valet used to consult the Faculty for him, and pretend to be afflicted with the complaints of his master; but then his Grace derived no pleasure from seeing a doctor, which in the case of a lady and her dressmaker is certainly not the case. “No measure is taken,” we are told, “of the Princesses of Germany, but a bodice is handed to the ‘artist in dress,’ and she has to be guided by that alone. It is curious that in a sphere so elevated a system should be in practice which is here only used for males of the middle class by the advertising tailors. So many inches from the waist to the elbow, and so many inches round the waist—“by stating these particulars a journey from distant parts of the country to London will be obviated.” In the case of one Royal lady we are informed that “a model of the figure was supplied many years ago, and to this all the dresses are fitted.” It is impossible, of course, that any “august” personage could grow fat; but one would think that in “many years” her figure might develop. One shudders to think that it is possible that Royal Highnesses in Germany are forbidden even to shop. A little friend of mine was once asked by a playmate of his own sex, but much below his rank in life, “How does your mother get her living?” to which, after some reflection, he replied, “She goes out shopping”—so fixed from the earliest date, in the male mind, is the idea that this is the favourite pursuit of the female.

A bitter cry has arisen from certain persons in the professions, comparing their miserable incomes with those of business men, and cynically inquiring what advantage they have received from their public school and university educations. “We are readily received in society,” they say, “but we cannot live on that; and business men now-a-days are just as well received, and make a good living into the bargain.” They have even had the bad taste to go into pecuniary details. Some of them have spent as much as two thousand pounds in “learning to educate themselves” at Eton and Oxford, and complain that there is nothing to show for it; that they have been taught nothing by which they can earn a livelihood. In each case their father said, “I can only afford to give you a good education, but that will be a provision for you for life”; and they actually murmur against their parent, and wish he had spent £200 on their education, and kept the £1980 in his pocket for them. They should rather comfort themselves with the reflection that they have enriched many schoolmasters of a high class, and helped to swell the revenues of many a pious foundation. The miserable question of “How am I to live?” is excusable enough in the East-End, but should not disturb the minds of gentlemen and scholars.

Speaking of professions, a new one has cropped up, though not in a very promising soil—namely, the Bankruptcy Court. A gentleman there describes himself as “a retired fat and picture dealer.” That a picture dealer should have retired fat, one can easily imagine; but this combination of art and adipose deposit, as a calling, is surely hitherto unknown.

Mr. Rider Haggard has had an adventure in a four-wheeled cab—not quite so alarming as those he has so admirably described for us in Africa, but with an equally happy termination. His cab-horse, attacked by a dog, went mad, and unsuccessfully attempted to wreck the vehicle. It is right to speak well of the bridge that carries us over, of the “growler,” whose bark is worse than his bite, and doesn't go to pieces as is expected of it. But the fact is the poor four-wheelers have a worse name than they deserve. I ride in about a thousand of them every year, and ought to know something of the matter. The “survivals” among them, it is true, are not “of the fittest”; there are still many of the old sort with rattling windows, unturnable handles, and an atmosphere, as Dickens describes it, “as though the horse slept in the cab,” and the man too. But the new four-wheelers are as good public conveyances as can reasonably be looked for, and the others cannot hold together long. Though no doubt far safer, and often quite as speedy, it is a mistake, however, to suppose them, as war chariots, superior to the hansom. The hansom is the king of the

streets, as the coachmen of private carriages well know to the cost of their masters. A hansom at full gallop, driven by a Jehu in liquor, once charged at full gallop between two four-wheelers in Chancery-lane, and, there being no room to pass, overturned them both. The spectacle was described to me by an eye-witness as “something epic,” though a Magistrate subsequently took another view of it.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

## THE ROYAL WEDDING AT ATHENS.

The Royal yacht Osborne, with the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princes Albert Victor and George on board, entered the Piræus on Oct. 23, amid Royal salutes and hearty cheers from the crews of foreign vessels. Their Royal Highnesses went on to Athens by special train, and were met at the Acropolis Station by the Mayor of Athens. They afterwards drove to the palace. The Princess Sophie of Prussia, with her Imperial mother, her sisters, and other relatives, arrived at Athens on the 25th, where she was received with great enthusiasm by the Hellenes. The streets were tastefully decorated and filled with carriages, all decked out with Greek and German flags. On the 26th the German Emperor and Empress arrived, and were welcomed enthusiastically, and in the evening a torchlight procession, headed by the Mayor of Athens, marched to the Palace, where the Mayor read an address of welcome to the bride and all the other Royal visitors. The illuminations—especially those of the Acropolis—were magnificent.

The wedding was celebrated with great pomp on Sunday, Oct. 27. The bride and bridegroom went at half past ten in the morning, attended by their Imperial and Royal relatives, to the Cathedral of Athens, where a brilliant throng of Princes, dignitaries, and officials waited to greet them. Here, after the procession had passed up the aisle to the altar, the gorgeous and impressive ceremony, lasting for three hours and a half, was gone through, the Metropolitan being the celebrant. After the marriage, the bride and bridegroom and the wedding party sat down to a déjeuner in the palace, and later on the Duke of Sparta took his bride home to his own palace. At the State dinner in the evening the King proposed in French the health of the German Emperor. The Emperor in German expressed his gratification at the King's speech, and said he hoped the union they were then celebrating would cement the friendship of the two countries.

The 28th was a day of comparative quiet, the chief incident of the programme being the kissing the bride's hand at the palace; the newly wedded pair afterwards gave a dinner at their own residence to their family, friends, and relatives. At noon the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor left for Egypt, where the latter embarked for India. His Royal Highness was accompanied to Piræus by the King of Greece and his second son, who took leave of the Prince of Wales there, as well as by the Empress Frederick and the Princess of Wales with their daughters, who went on board the yacht Osborne for the purpose of accompanying the Royal travellers some distance out to sea. The German Emperor, after parting from the Prince of Wales at the palace, was employed most of the day in visiting the Acropolis and other points of interest. The Empress, accompanied by the Queen of the Hellenes, also visited the ruins. The city was en fête all day, numbers of peasants in their national costumes materially heightening the picturesqueness of the scene in the streets. At night the town was illuminated. The festivities closed on the evening of the 29th by another illumination and by a ball at the palace, to which several thousands were invited.

President Carnot presided on Oct. 26 over a meeting of the Council, at which it was decided that no change in the French Cabinet should be made before the meeting of the new Chamber. Parliament is convened for Nov. 12.—The Duc d'Aumale on Oct. 26 delivered an address at the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences on his predecessor, St. Hilaire. The Duke was unanimously elected by this, the third academy of which he is a member, almost immediately after his return from exile last spring. His address dealt chiefly with St. Hilaire's history of Spain, and was listened to with much interest. M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire presided, and warmly thanked the Duke for the justice he had rendered to his cousin.—The Prince of Monaco and the Duchesse de Richelieu, née Heine, were civilly married on the 30th at the Monaco Legation, the religious ceremony taking place at the Papal Nunciature.—M. Emilie Augier, the eminent French dramatist, died on Oct. 25, in his seventieth year. His funeral, at the church of La Trinité, Paris, on the 28th, was attended by almost all the celebrities of literature, art, and politics. M. Zadoc Khan, Grand Rabbi of Paris, has been unanimously elected Grand Rabbi of France, in the room of the late M. Isidor, who was elected in 1866.—The Paris Exhibition closes on Nov. 6. A grand night fête is to be held. It will be the exact counterpart of that given on the occasion of the distribution of prizes. It will comprise the illumination of all the buildings and the lighting up of the Eiffel Tower with Bengal fires. There will also be a grand display of fireworks.

The marriage of the Austrian Archduke Leopold Salvator and Princess Blanche of Castille, eldest daughter of Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, was celebrated on Oct. 24, at Frohsdorf. Many members of the Austrian Imperial family and of the House of Bourbon were present at the ceremony, at which the aristocracy of Austria and Spain was also largely represented.

The obsequies of King Luis of Portugal were performed on Oct. 26, in the Pantheon of St. Vincent, at Lisbon, in the presence of a large number of Royal and Princely mourners, and the representatives of all the Foreign Powers. After the remains of the King had been laid in their last resting-place, a salute of 101 guns was fired. The Queen Maria Pia went to the Pantheon after the funeral, and remained for some time there in prayer. The Duke of Edinburgh, who had been deputed by Queen Victoria to represent Great Britain at the funeral, was unwell, and could not be present, but sent Sir Francis Seymour to represent him. On the 28th the Duke paid farewell visits to King Charles, the Queen Dowager, and other members of the Portuguese Royal family, previous to leaving Lisbon for Madrid.

The Spanish Cortes were opened on Oct. 29, but there was no Speech from the Throne, the decree of convocation being simply read in both Houses.

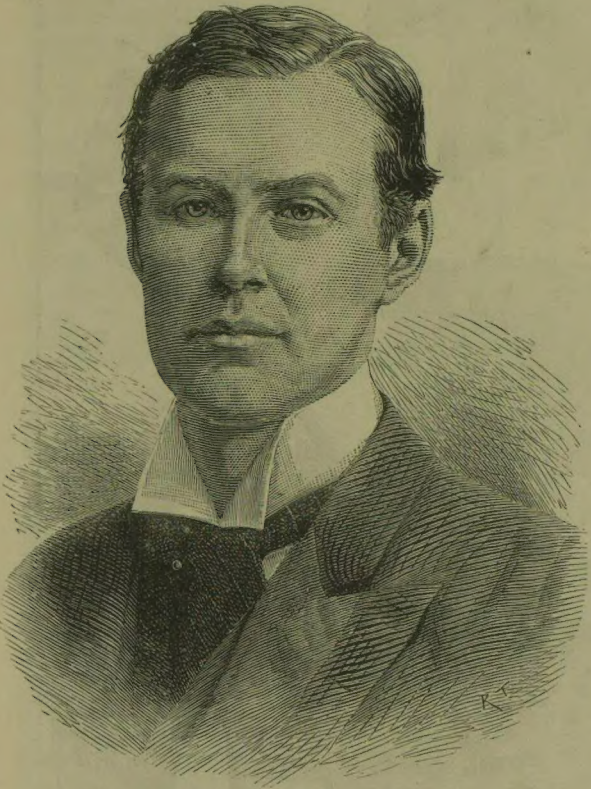
The Governor-General of Canada and a party have crossed the Rocky Mountains on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and were much impressed with the magnificent scenery. The Governor-General arrived at Vancouver, on the Pacific coast, on Oct. 26, and had a warm reception. Among the mottoes displayed was one, “Happy People, Without a Grievance.”

After considerable difficulties in empanelling a jury, the trial of the men charged with the murder of Dr. Cronin was commenced at the Chicago Criminal Court, before Judge McConnel, on Oct. 24.

## THE BRIGHTON ELECTION.

The Brighton election has resulted in the return of Mr. Gerald Walter Loder, Conservative, by a majority of 2507. The figures were—for Mr. Loder, 7132; for Sir Robert Peel, Liberal, 4625. Mr. Loder is a son of the late Sir Robert Loder, first Baronet, of Whittlebury Lodge, Northampton (who died last year), by his marriage with Maria Georgiana, daughter of the late Mr. Hans Bask, and granddaughter of the late Sir Wadsworth Bask. He was born on Oct. 25, 1861 (so that the day of his election was his twenty-eighth birthday), and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1888 he was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple, and appointed private secretary to Mr. Ritchie, President of the Local Government Board.

This election contest was a very lively one, in which the opposing candidate, Sir Robert Peel, figured conspicuously as



MR. GERALD LODER, M.P. FOR BRIGHTON.

a vehement and somewhat eccentric speaker, aided by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. W. Redmond, and other Irish Home Rulers; by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Bernard Coleridge, and several other Gladstonian English members; also by Lady Sandhurst, Mrs. Jacob Bright, and other active female politicians. On the other side, the Conservative or Unionist candidate was supported by Sir William Marriott, who got into a personal altercation with Sir Robert Peel; Sir Edward Clarke, the Solicitor-General; Baron George De Worms, Mr. Peter Taylor, and Mr. Edmund Yates, who was the chairman of Mr. Loder's committee. Meetings were held daily, or several times a day, in different places all over Brighton during a week or two before the nomination, which took place on Tuesday, Oct. 22; the rival candidates frequently paraded the town in open carriages drawn by four horses, accompanied by their leading partisans, and there was a great deal of personal canvassing; primroses and violets, the flowers chosen respectively as emblems of the Conservative and Gladstonian parties, were freely displayed, with coloured ribbons and rosettes; and one might have thought the old times of electioneering frolic had returned. Sir Robert Peel's oratorical efforts, and those of his supporters, were most effectively addressed to the workmen at the locomotive-engine sheds of the railway, and at the Regency Foundry, among whom there were 1300 voters, many of them from the North of England. We refrain from quoting the unpleasant attacks on personal character, to which Sir Robert Peel replied with his accustomed vivacity; but a few sketches of the chief speakers at various meetings, with a few words of energetic expression uttered at the moment when their figures were sketched, are supplied by our Special Artist, leaving all the arguments to ordinary newspaper reporters. Sir Robert Peel was, of course, reproached as a politician with not being at all like his illustrious father, the founder of Liberal Conservative policy, and with having repeatedly transferred his allegiance from one party to another: in fact, they called him "a worn-out old weathercock." And that was not the worst. He certainly managed to be very amusing, and to gain much popularity among a portion of the working-classes. At the nomination held by the Mayor (Mr. Alderman Sendall), with the Town Clerk, at the Townhall, Mr. Loder was proposed in twenty-four papers, each signed by ten electors from all the wards of the town, and from different classes; and six papers, each signed by ten persons, were handed in for Sir Robert Peel. The polling took place on Friday, Oct. 25, with the result mentioned above, followed by the counting of votes and declaration of the poll, which was at twenty minutes to eleven that night; Mr. Loder afterwards spoke from the balcony of the Pavilion Hotel.

Lord Charles Beresford has been appointed to the command of the belted cruiser *Undaunted*.

The action against the Governor of the Bank of England in respect of the lost £1000 bank-note was again before the Court of Queen's Bench on Oct. 26, on the application for a new trial. Justices Field and Manisty held strongly that the Bank ought to pay over the money on receiving an indemnity, and ultimately the matter was arranged accordingly.

Mr. Samuel Cunliffe-Lister, of Swinton Park, Masham, has bought the Middleham estate, including the historic castle, once the stronghold of the Nevilles. The price is between £60,000 and £70,000. Mr. Cunliffe-Lister's purchases in Wensleydale of late years amount to about £800,000, and include an addition to Swinton Park, Jervaulx Abbey, and large portions of the estate formerly belonging to Lord Ailesbury.

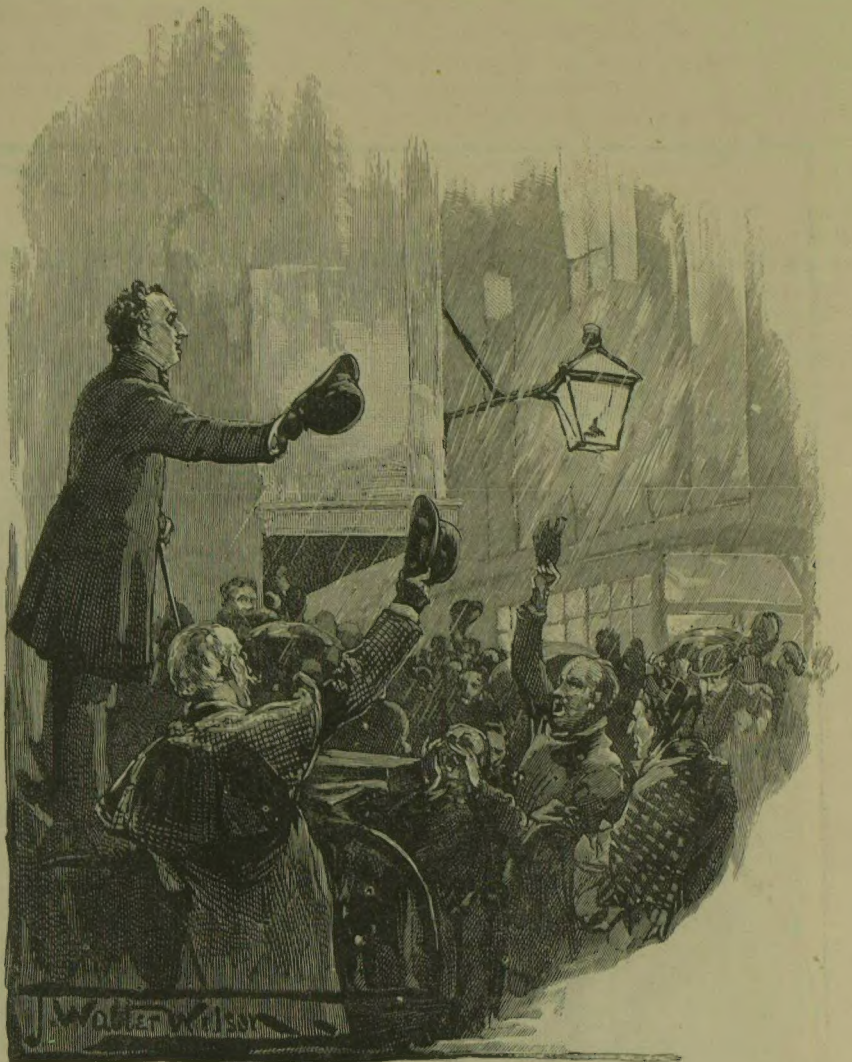
Mr. Gladstone on Oct. 26 visited Saltney for the purpose of opening reading- and recreation-rooms for working men. In the course of an appropriate and non-political speech that right hon. gentleman referred to the great improvement that had taken place in the educational, social, and economic conditions of the working-classes in England; and he advised artisans to use the advantages offered them to cultivate a knowledge of history and commerce.—Mrs. Gladstone on



Mr. Heald, the Chairman of Sir Robert Peel's Committee.



Freedom of speech in Hove: "James or John, Sir?" (Mr. Redmond was not allowed to speak in the streets of Hove.)



"Three Cheers for Sir Robert!"



"I will tell you what I have myself seen" (Lady Sandhurst).



"I have just done my share in one of Mr. Balfour's prisons, and from here I return to it again" (W. Redmond, M.P.)



Mr. H. Smith, from Ulster.



"We want the sound policy of John Bright" (Mr. Marshall).

## SKETCHES AT THE BRIGHTON ELECTION.

the same day presented prizes and certificates in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, in connection with the examinations of the Royal Academy of Music. Briefly she expressed the delight it gave her to be present to show her love for music and at its successful cultivation, and added that her doctor had strictly forbidden her to make a speech.

The Duke of Westminster has sent £10 towards the expenses of the Holborn Industrial Exhibition, to be held at the Holborn Townhall.

Our Portrait of the late Sir Charles Sikes is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey; that of the late Dr. J. P. Joule, F.R.S., from an engraved portrait in *Nature*, Oct. 26, 1882; that of the late Mr. John Ball, F.R.S., from one by Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn, of Pembroke-crescent; and that of Mr. Gerald Loder, M.P., by Messrs. W. and H. A. Fry, of Brighton.

The London County Council, at the usual weekly meeting, adopted a report from the Finance Committee recommending the raising of a fund of £1,000,000 sterling by the creation of Stock bearing interest at the rate of 2½ per cent, redeemable in sixty years. Mr. A. Young was appointed valuer to the Council, at a salary of £1000 per annum. Recommendations to carry out improvements in the Strand by taking down the south side of Holywell-street were agreed to.

Upwards of 800 guests were present at the ball given by Lord Mayor Whitehead at the Mansion House on Oct. 29 in celebration of the 700th anniversary of the mayoralty of the City of London, the authentic records of which date back to the first year of Richard I.—1189. The visitors were received in the salon by the Chief Magistrate and the Lady Mayoress. Dancing in the Egyptian Hall began shortly before ten o'clock. The Coldstream Guards' Band, conducted by Mr. C. Thomas, occupied the orchestra. Supper was served in the old ball-room upstairs, and the arrangements throughout were admirable.

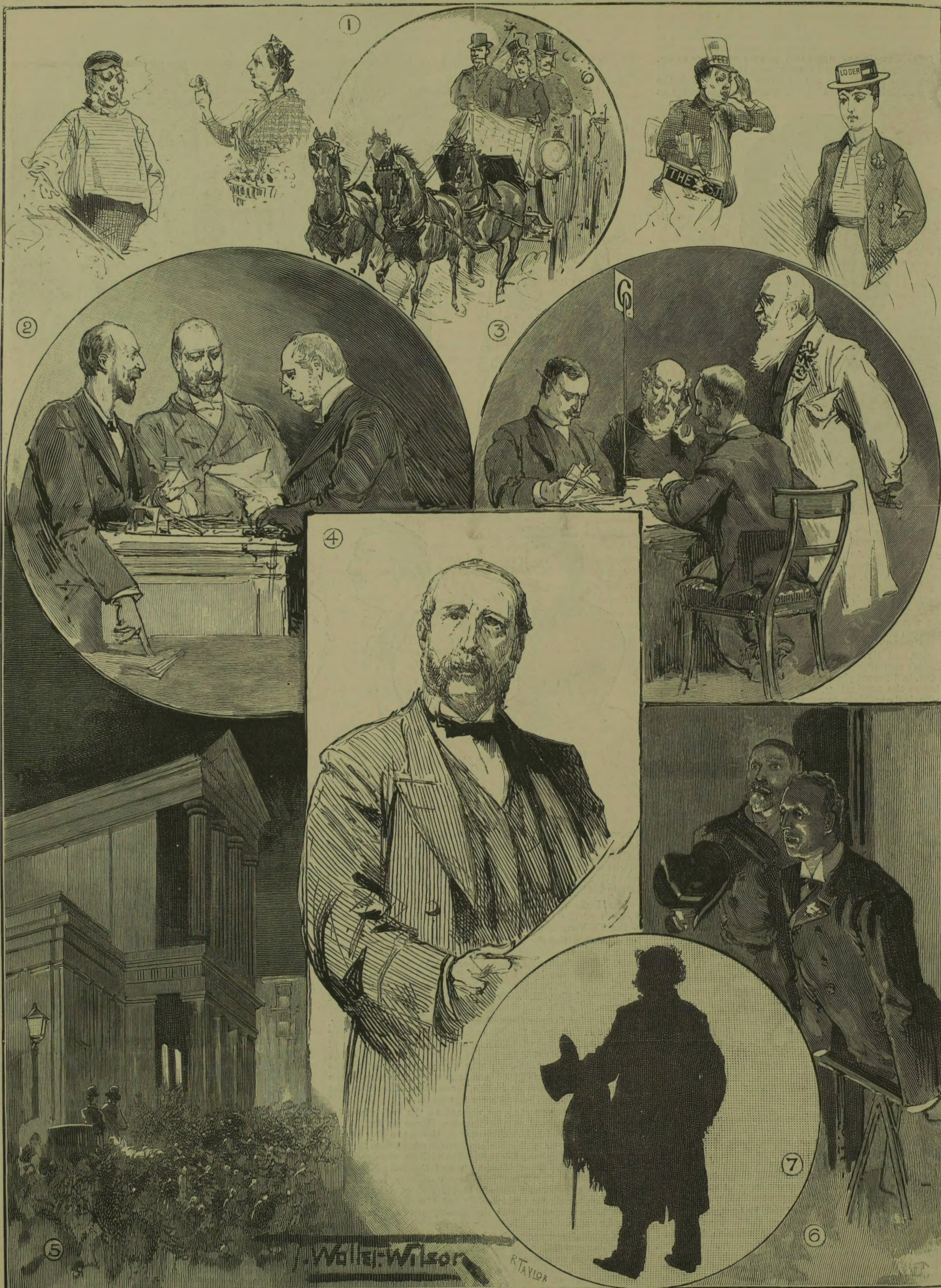
The annual ceremony of prize presentation to the Central London Rangers took place at Gray's Inn Hall on Oct. 26. The rewards, which numbered 100, being distributed by Mrs. Knill (wife of Sheriff Knill). The principal winner of prizes was Colour-Sergeant H. A. Mather, the best shot of the regiment, winner of the Craddock Challenge Cup for the third time in succession, and of several other prizes. Among the other prizetakers were Lance-Corporal Read, who carried off the Dramatic Challenge Cup, and the Irish champion shot, Captain R. W. Burnett, who, having joined the corps, is taking an active part in advancing its shooting efficiency. The total strength of the corps was stated to have risen from 748 last year to 769, the number of efficient from 716 to 749, and the capitation grant from £1563 to £1656.—The annual competi-

tion of the 1st (London) Division of the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps for the Challenge Shield took place on the same day, at Westminster Hall. Three companies competed. They were put through various movements in bearer company and stretcher drill, and examined in bandaging and first aid to the injured. After a spirited competition the shield was awarded to No. 1 Company (Surgeon V. Matthews).

The Archbishop of Canterbury completed his visitation on Oct. 26 at Croydon, when he dealt very fully with the various forms of work open to the lay supporters of the Church. He advocated the formation of a Church Workers' Union. Speaking afterwards at a public luncheon, the Primate stated that he had forwarded to the heads of every religious denomination in England a copy of the resolution passed at the Conference of Bishops last year, and he had expressed to them the desire of the Church of England for friendly conference on great social subjects, on which they ought to be more at home than they were. Complete union, he believed, was a question of many years to come.

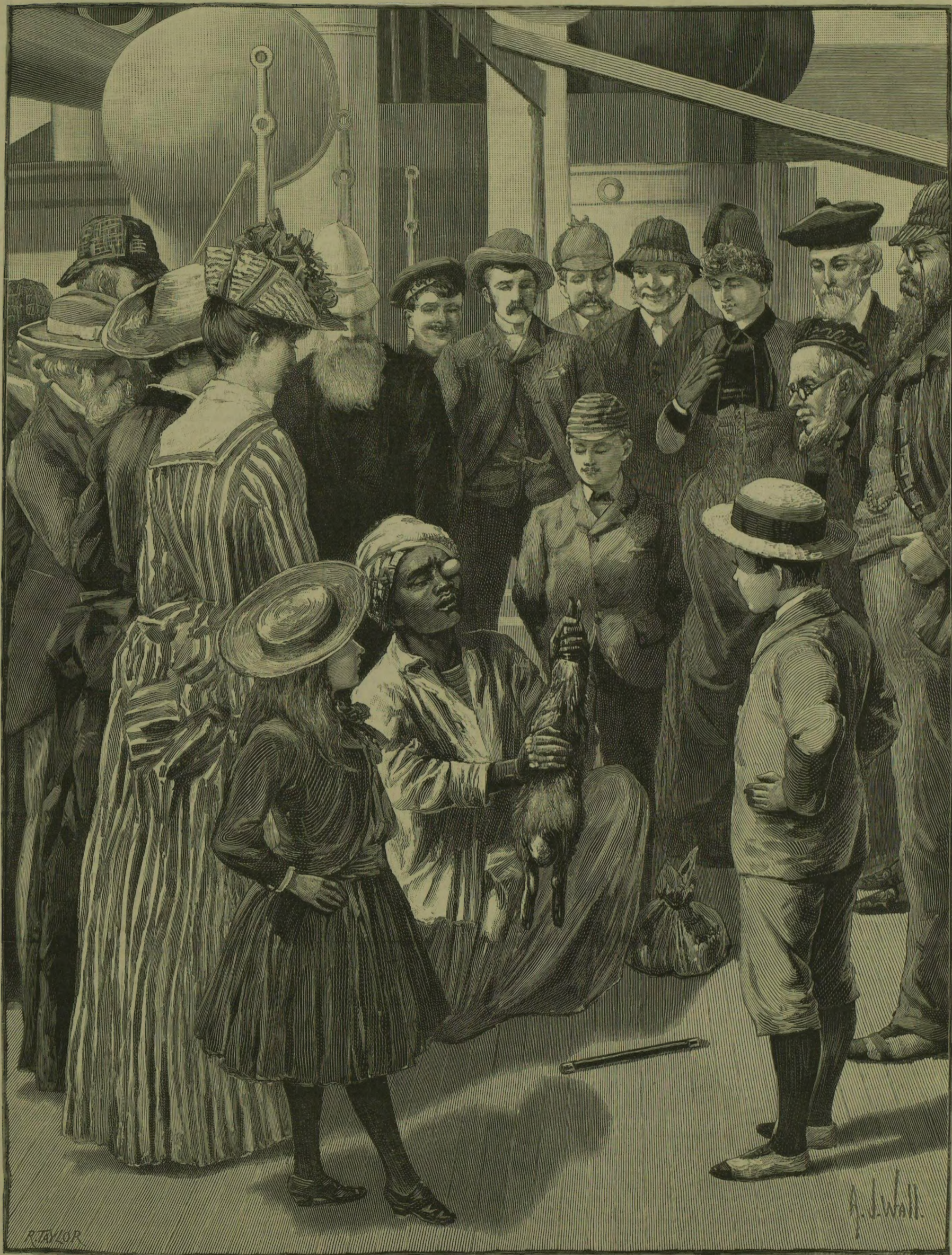
The twenty-first annual exhibition of specimens of hand-turning, held under the auspices of the Turners' Company, has been held at the Mansion House. It is not so extensive as many of its predecessors, and, so far as wood-turning is concerned, has failed to show any improvement on former years. To Frederick Jackson, of William-street, Albany-street, are awarded the silver medal, the freedom of the Company, and the freedom of the City, for what is described as a fine piece of workmanship in metal-turning; and the silver medal and the freedom of the Company to G. A. Alderton, of Brighton, for wood-turning. The Lord Mayor on Oct. 25 distributed, in the presence of a large company of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the Egyptian Hall, the prizes gained by the successful competitors for turning in wood, glass, and metal.

In London 2580 births and 1310 deaths were registered in the week ending Oct. 26. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 287 and the deaths 355 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 17 from measles, 27 from scarlet fever, 37 from diphtheria, 22 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 21 from enteric fever, 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 15 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from smallpox or cholera. Different forms of violence caused 49 deaths, concerning all but 3 of which inquests were held. Of these 49 deaths, 6 were cases of suicide, and 3 of murder or manslaughter, while the remaining 40 were attributed to accidents or negligence. Three of these were caused by horses or vehicles in the streets, 5 by burns or scalds, 3 by drowning, and 12 (including 11 of infants under one year of age) by suffocation.



1. Favours and Favourites. 2. Disputed Votes. 3. The Count. 4. Declaring the Poll (the Mayor). 5. Waiting for the Verdict outside the Townhall. 6. Victor. 7. Vanquished.

SKETCHES AT THE BRIGHTON ELECTION.



AN EGYPTIAN CONJUROR ON BOARD AN ORIENT LINE STEAM-SHIP AT PORT SAID,

## OBITUARY.

## THE EARL OF ORKNEY.

The Earl of Orkney died on Oct. 21, at his residence in Sussex-place, Regent's Park. He was the eldest son of Thomas, fifth Earl, by the Hon. Charlotte Isabella Irby, second daughter of George, third Lord Boston, and was born on May 6, 1827. He entered the Army as Ensign in the 92nd Highlanders in August 1845, became Lieutenant in November the following year, Captain in November 1853, afterwards exchanging into the 71st Foot, with which regiment he served at the siege of Sebastopol and the capture of Kertch, and for his services received the medal and clasp and the Turkish medal. In 1856 he entered the Scots Fusiliers, but retired from the Army the following year. He was nominated a C.M.G. in 1856, and advanced to K.C.M.G. in 1875. The late Earl succeeded to the family honours on the death of his father in May 1877, having previously, in November 1872, married Amelia, Baroness De Samuel, widow of Baron De Samuel, a Peer of Portugal. The deceased Earl was elected a representative Peer for Scotland in 1885, and was appointed a Deputy Lieutenant of Ayrshire in 1852. Failing issue, the earldom devolves upon the late Peer's nephew, Edmond Walter, eldest surviving son of the late Hon. Henry W. Fitzmaurice (second son of the fifth Earl), by Sarah Jane, daughter of Mr. George Bradley Roose, of Bryntirion, Anglesea, born in 1867.

## THE EARL OF LEVEN AND MELVILLE.

The Earl of Leven and Melville died on Oct. 22, at his residence, Glenferness, Dumfries, Scotland, aged seventy-two. He received serious injuries through a carriage accident which occurred on Sept. 16, and a fatal result had been expected for some time past. Alexander Leslie-Melville was the twelfth Earl. He was born in 1817, and succeeded to the title in 1876. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge (M.A., 1839); was a Deputy Lieutenant of Nairnshire, and a partner in the banking firms of Williams, Deacon, and Co., London, and of Nevile Reid and Co., Windsor. The deceased Earl was a Conservative and a Representative Peer for Scotland. He never married, and is succeeded by the Hon. Ronald Leslie-Melville, his half-brother.

## LORD TEYNHAM.

The Right Honourable George Henry Roper-Curzon, sixteenth Baron Teynham of Teynham, in the county of Kent, died on Oct. 26, at his residence, Shooter's Hill. He was born May 27, 1798, the third son of Henry Francis, fourteenth Baron, by Bridget, his first wife, daughter and coheir of Mr. Thomas Hawkins, of Nash Court, and succeeded his brother as sixteenth Lord Teynham in 1842. He was educated at Woolwich, and entered the Royal Artillery, from which he retired in 1821. His Lordship married twice—first, Feb. 10, 1822, Miss Eliza Joynes; and secondly, Jan. 21, 1873, Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Mr. William Jay. By the former (who died Nov. 5, 1871) he leaves an only son, Henry George, now seventeenth Baron, who was born in 1822, and married, in 1860, Harriet Anne Lovell, fifth daughter of the Rev. Thomas Heathcote, of Shaw Hill House, Wilts, by whom he has two sons and two daughters.

## VISCOUNT TORRINGTON.

The Right Hon. George Stanley Byng, eighth Viscount Torrington, whose death is just announced, was born April 29, 1841, the eldest son of the late Hon. Robert B. P. Byng, Major in the Bengal Native Infantry, killed in India in 1857, while leading his regiment against the Mutineers. His Lordship succeeded his uncle in 1884 to the Viscounty of Torrington, conferred in 1721 on the famous Admiral Sir George Byng. The nobleman whose lamented death we record was in the Rifle Brigade, and saw service in India and Africa, having the Indian medal and clasp. He was A.D.C. and one of the Private Secretaries of Earl Cowper when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and latterly was a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen. He married, first, in 1882, Alice Arabella, daughter of Mr. James Jameson, of Airfield, county Dublin, and secondly, in 1885, Emmeline St. Maur, daughter of Rev. Henry Seymour, Rector of Holme Pierrepont, Notts. By the former (who died Dec. 18, 1883) he leaves one daughter, Bridget Vera; and by the latter a son, George Master, now ninth Viscount Torrington, born Sept. 10, 1886.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lieutenant-Colonel Basil Jackson, a Waterloo hero, on Oct. 22, at his residence in Ross, Herefordshire, aged ninety-five.  
Mr. William Pitman, C.C., at his residence, Kingsmead House, N.W., in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He was for many years one of the representatives in the Corporation of London of the Ward of Farringdon Within. Mr. Pitman was well known in art and civic circles.

General Charles Hamilton, C.B., at his residence in London on Oct. 27, aged eighty-eight. Educated at Addiscombe, he entered the Bengal army in 1818. Among other services he was in the Gwalior campaign, 1843, commanding the 2nd Grenadier Native Infantry at the battle of Maharajpore (bronze star). He commanded the same regiment throughout the Sutlej campaign, 1845-6, including the actions of Moodkee and Ferozeshah (medal with clasp); also at the capture of Kotla Kangra, 1846. He was created C.B. in 1844, and placed on the Retired List in 1878.

## A CONJUROR ON BOARD AT PORT SAID.

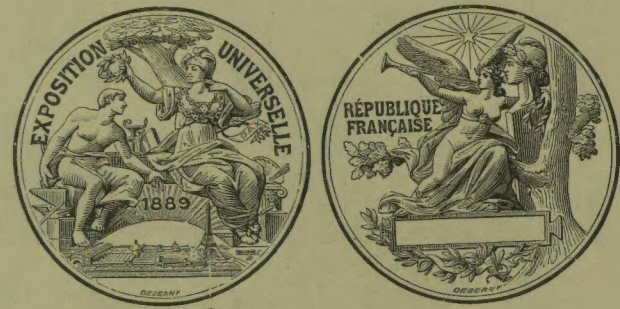
The scene depicted by our Artist is one often witnessed on board steam-ships off Port Said, and the feats performed by the dark-skinned conjuror, who has come on board from the shore, provoke as much laughter as wonder from the assembled passengers. Some of the little ones, indeed, look on half-scared, and occasionally their elders confess to experiencing feelings of uncertainty as to the exact locality from which such unaccountable powers of deception are derived. Eggs produced by a rabbit are among the least of these wonders; and the rapid appearance and disappearance of various articles, and their discovery in quarters to which it seems impossible the conjuror could have conveyed them, display a degree of cleverness and dexterity which must be seen to be believed, and which can never be understood.

## THE LATE SIR C. W. SIKES.

The honour of knighthood was conferred, in 1881, on Mr. Charles William Sikes, managing director of the Huddersfield Banking Company, in recognition of his services to the country by introducing Post-Office Savings Banks, for which he devised the plans that were submitted to Sir Rowland Hill and officially recommended to Mr. Gladstone, and that were carried into effect by Act of Parliament. This gentleman, who died on Oct. 14, was born in 1818, son of Mr. Shakspeare Garrick Sikes, banker, of Huddersfield, and in 1833 entered the service of the Huddersfield Banking Company, in which he continued throughout his active business life. He first promoted, in 1850, the establishment of penny savings banks in connection with the Mechanics' Institutes in Yorkshire, which were readily accepted by the local managers and members of those institutions. He wrote pamphlets and delivered lectures and addresses on the subject, and was thus led to conceive the idea of Government Savings Banks at all the post-offices in the United Kingdom. It has recently been shown by Mr. Harold Perry, in his able Report as Commissioner of Inquiry on the frauds in the Macclesfield Savings Bank, that very many of the old local Trustee Savings Banks are in a very insecure condition; and it is expected that Mr. Goschen will propose stringent legislation respecting them in the next Session of Parliament. The Post-Office Savings Banks have in some degree superseded the need for their continued existence.

## THE PARIS EXHIBITION MEDAL.

The medal struck for distribution to the exhibitors is from a design by M. Louis Botté, selected by competition. Its front side represents the figures of Labour, seated on an anvil and holding a hammer; and Wisdom, a helmeted Minerva, sitting beneath the Tree of Peace, and extending a wreath to crown



THE PARIS EXHIBITION MEDAL.

the head of Labour, whose finger points downward to a view of the Exhibition buildings and the Eiffel Tower. On the reverse side is Fame, with her wings spread, embracing the bust of the Republic, and sounding a blast of her trumpet. The bronze medals given to exhibitors who have gained prizes will contain, in each instance, the name of the exhibitor, on the base of the platform which supports this figure of Fame.

## THE LATE MR. J. BALL, F.R.S.

The death of this gentleman, widely known as a traveller and scientific explorer of the Alps, the Atlas, the Andes, and other mountain regions, took place on Oct. 10, at his house in London, soon after returning from an excursion to the Dolomite Alps of the Tyrol. He was born at Dublin in 1818, eldest son of the Right Hon. Nicholas Ball, Attorney-General for Ireland, and afterwards an Irish Judge. Mr. John Ball won high mathematical honours at Cambridge, was called to the Bar, and was appointed an Assistant Poor Law Commissioner. In 1852 he was elected M.P. for the county of Carlow, and from 1855 to 1858 held the office of Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Withdrawing from public life, and marrying an Italian lady, he devoted himself to a thorough topographical exploration of the Alpine region, and to the study of its botany, for which he had a special predilection. His "Alpine Guide," three volumes of which were published from 1860 to 1865, is a work of standard merit. He also accompanied Sir Joseph Hooker to Morocco, and wrote an admirable account of the botany and natural history of the highlands of that country; and he visited Peru and Patagonia, and the Isle of Teneriffe, for scientific exploration, with results of considerable value.

Sir John Stainer has been elected President of the Musical Association, in the place of the late Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley.

The Leeds Central Higher Grade School, built by the Leeds School Board at a cost of £40,000, was publicly opened on Oct. 28. The school, which is one of the finest and largest of its kind in the kingdom, has been over two years in building, and affords accommodation for 2500 children.

Sir Richard Webster, Q.C., M.P., the Attorney-General, on Oct. 28 presented the prizes to members of the Young Men's Christian Association who have obtained awards during the past year for athletic and gymnastic exercises. He spoke highly of the value of these pursuits.

The Bishop of London on Oct. 28 consecrated the church of St. Thomas, at Kensal New Town, situated in a detached portion of Chelsea. The church, which is in a very poor locality, cost £6000. A great portion of the cost has been defrayed by the exertions of Earl Cadogan, Mr. Whitmore, M.P., and others.

A correspondent obligingly points out that in the brief memoir of the late Colonel Hans Garrett Moore, V.C., C.B., given in our Obituary column last week, there were some errors. Colonel Moore's services are thus recorded in the "Official Quarterly Army List": He was engaged in the Indian Mutiny, 1857-8, for which he obtained medal with clasp; in the Ashantee War, 1873-4, gaining medal with clasp; in the African War, 1877-8, obtaining medal with clasp and Victoria Cross; and in the Egyptian Expedition, 1882, being rewarded with medal with clasp, C.B., and 3rd Class Osmanieh.

## A WORD FOR NOVEMBER.

Poor November! it is among the most discredited of months. Neither poets—unless it be Kingsley, with his ode to the north-easter—nor prose-writers have felt, or at any rate expressed, any enthusiasm for the month which is especially dear to the fox-hunter, the pike-fisher, and the snipe-shooter. November has few friends, and among Londoners almost as numerous a circle of foes as among Parisians. It must be admitted that for thoroughgoing "pea-soup" fogs and raw, chilly, moist, melancholy weather, the month last year kept up its common reputation in town. Let us hope for better things this year.

And yet there are charms in November—though they be of an austere nature—by meadow, grove, and stream. People who are really rurally minded often think the month in dry cold weather among the most exhilarating of the year. But, then, to live in the country and really to love it are two very different things, and in many instances are not joined together. True it is that November has been usually allowed to be the gloomiest month of the year, when cold rains continually moisten a drenched ground, and thickening fogs and mists obliterate the distinguishing features of the landscape. But there are compensations. Though the dreary features of the time generally produce a similar effect on man, and inclement gloomy weather makes even country-house indoor life, varied as are its amusements, cloy the sated mind, yet even chilly November has its charming surprises.

A frosty night follows a gloomy, misty day, and is, in its turn, followed by a bright, warm day—in the sun for those who love brisk exercise and bracing air. On such a day November has a picture which may assuredly delight the eye. There is a hushed quiet, the rioting autumn winds roar not to-day through the copses: The clink of the plough harness, the distant sounds of the farmyard, and the crowing of the cock pheasant from his favourite tree in mid-wood are all clear and distinct. Bare are the majority of the trees whose leafless branches make on a frosty morning that exquisite tracery which from our first childhood never ceases perennially to delight our eyes as if it were a new experience, there are some still robed in their summer garment, and seeming, from the bareness around them, a more vivid green. The larch and pine, the glossy holly-leaves, the gleaming laurel-branches, which reflect the sunlight in manner that suggests the legend of Apollo and Daphne; the laurestinus and the pyracantha, with its crimson berries; and the twining ivy in thick luxuriance, all form a vivid relief to the eye amid the general bleakness of November. But the woodland is scant of music, though so much green foliage abounds. Yet, though the month has little bird music, the melodious and plaintive piping of the robin, which grows more and more familiar as the weather grows wintrier, is heard in all directions. So is the cheery chirping of the sparrows, more fearless and audacious than ever, loudly and unceasingly repeated from the eaves of thatched cottages, the gables of red-tiled roofs, and the stacks in the well-filled yard.

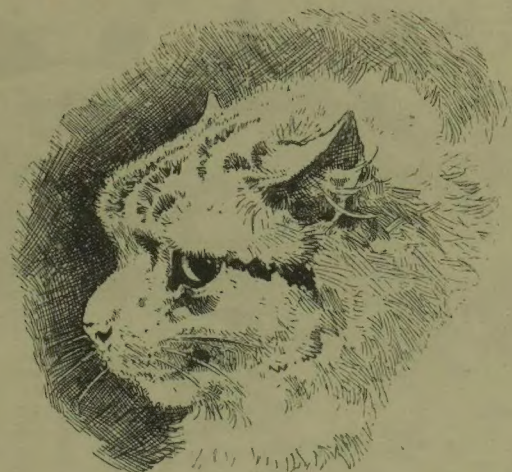
Now it is that the mole, "the little gentleman in black" of the Jacobites, makes its nest in which it lodges during the winter, and which will be ready in spring for its young family. This is larger than the common molehill, and is distinguishable by being lined with dried grass and leaves. And the fields, bare and barren in the townsman's imagination, are lively enough unless a biting frost. The harvesting of mangolds and swedes is going on, while sheep are feeding off turnips, mustard, and the like. And the process, old as the first days of man's first resorting to the earth for sustenance by its crops, of wheat-sowing is proceeding. It is worth looking at that familiar sight to those who dwell in rural quietudes, yet so significant though familiar. The swing of the sower's arm from the hip as with dexterous hand he scatters the wheat with similar precision at each cast is a thing which requires talent and practice, easy as it looks, and has been the knack handed down in families of labourers, and one among the many accomplishments which ignorant people never dream of as the qualities of a first-rate all-round field hand. In the straw-yard by the old farmhouse, whose blue smoke curls up in the calm cold air—cold, yet warmed by the wintry sun sufficiently to cheer it—the cattle which are fattening are tied up. And in the orchard the apples are being harvested, while in cider counties there is plenty of work to do. Few people have drunk good cider, and the ordinary produce of a miscellaneous collection of "windfalls" and inferior apples is as unlike the admirable cider well matured from selected fruit and made by experts as "chalk is unlike cheese." And from the copses comes the cheery sound of the woodman's axe or the hurdle-maker's billhook, as the under-wood—which is a valuable property on many a farm whose land is poor—is rapidly cleared away, and by its absence startlingly transforms the aspect of the woodland one has been wont to look on as a jungle of green hazel. As for the sportsman, be his specialty the saddle, the rod, or the gun, he will, in any case, have a good word for the dull November days which so many join in chorus to malign. Of horse and hound, and the delights of a fast thing across a fine country, it is needless to write, for November is the foxhunter's particular time, cherished alike in memory and expectation throughout the year. But the angler of the hardy kind (all are not so) loves the clear river when the eager and nipping air rustles through the faded vegetation on the banks, and as the swift-spinning bait rapidly rotates athwart stream the big and ravenous pike at its glitter comes darting from his fastness beneath the willow roots towards his too tempting doom. And the shooter knows no better month—and perhaps none so good—for making a miscellaneous bag of single pheasants, magnificent of plumage and plump indeed; of wild and wary partridges, big and juicy; of occasional wild ducks of different sorts that are flying inland on their arrival to recreate themselves on a more succulent diet than that of the seashore; of the rare but exquisite woodcock; and of the frequent, nimble, but always welcome snipe—for November is the true beginning of a sport which must be practised in bleak and marshy districts, and by those who ignore the discomforts of cold and wet. But, indeed, the chilliness of November only warms the enthusiasm of those who love to gain health and recreation afield.

And the month has often a milder aspect for those who, while they do not share in field sports, have a deep and quiet appreciation of woods and fields. The brief November day is often a beautiful one—its wintry sunshine is radiant, its skies white-flecked blue. There are still some blossoms afield, though townspeople fancy nothing out of a greenhouse, or at most a sheltered garden, blooms. Yet, though the scene be mainly altered—

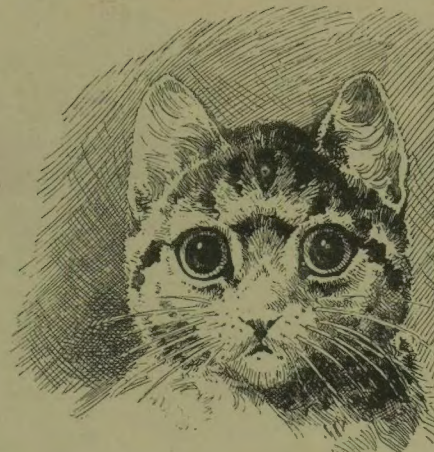
From autumn's many-coloured dress  
To first-born winter's nakedness,

there are many blossoms which decorate that nakedness. As, for instance, the pretty little ivy-leaved toad flax with its small-lipped flowers peering from the interstices of old stone-work. In a moist soil, too, here and there is a bed of the bluish-purple periwinkle; while the daisy, still spangling the grass, and the red berries of the wild rose still aid to enliven the chilly aspect of poor maligned November.

F. G. W.



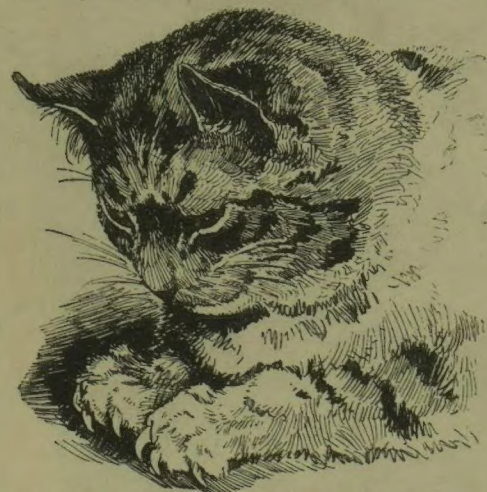
The brain is well developed, with cerebral convolutions, a well developed corpus callosum and small anterior commissure.



The eyes are well developed, with a choanoid muscle, a brilliant tapetum, & with an iris capable of contracting its aperture to a vertical linear slit.



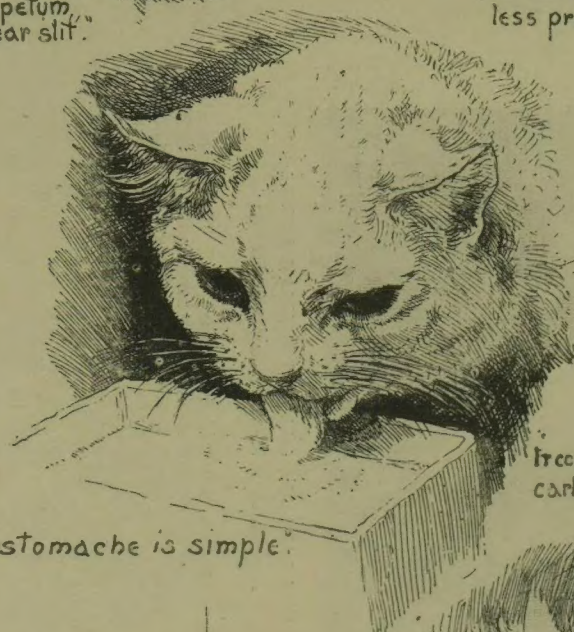
The ears are provided with a more or less prominent concha.



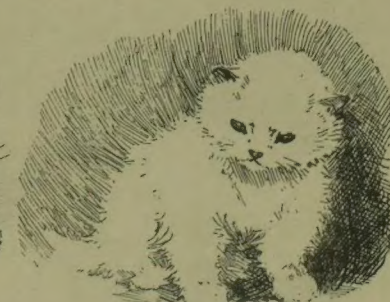
No extremity has less than four digits, provided with sharp conical claws.



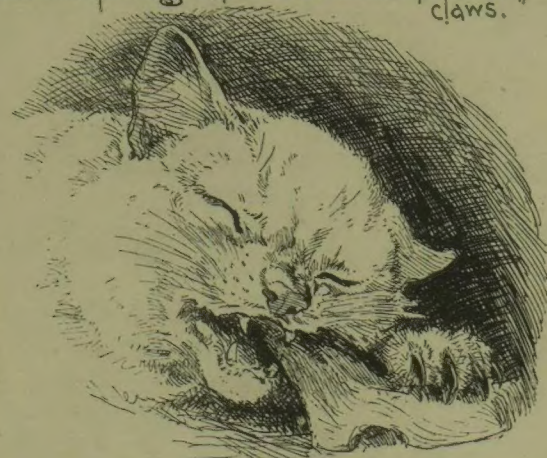
A power of expressing feelings by sounds or gestures—emotional language.



The stomach is simple.



It consists almost entirely of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon & nitrogen, & largely of protoplasm.



Powers leading to spontaneous impulses in different directions through internal or external stimuli—appetites.

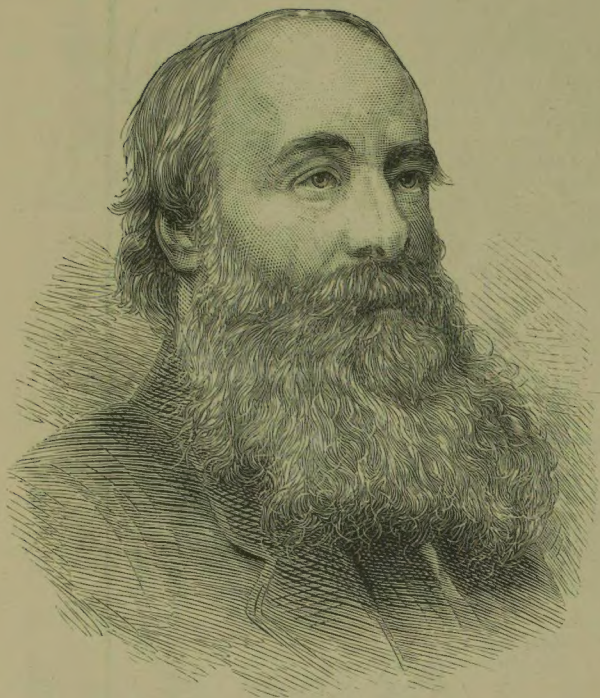


They may be thickly covered, with fur.

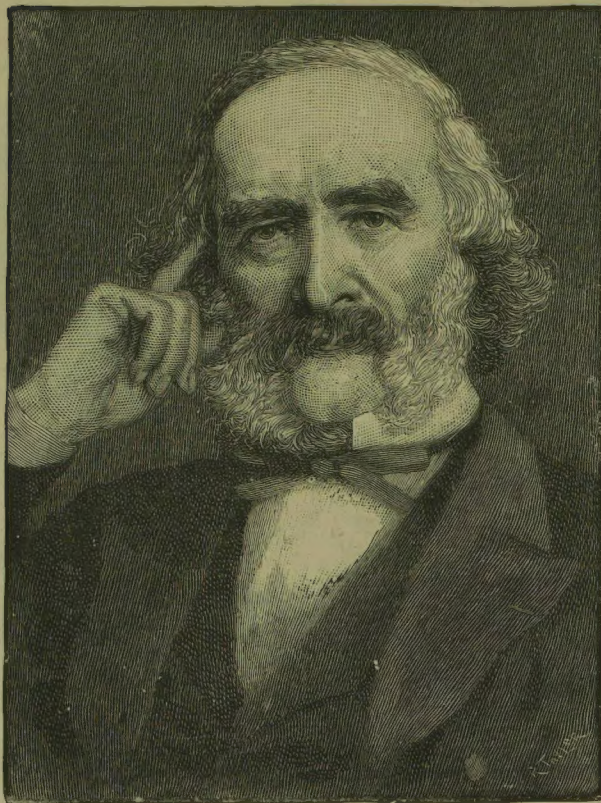


A power of experiencing vivid feelings from material objects—sensation.

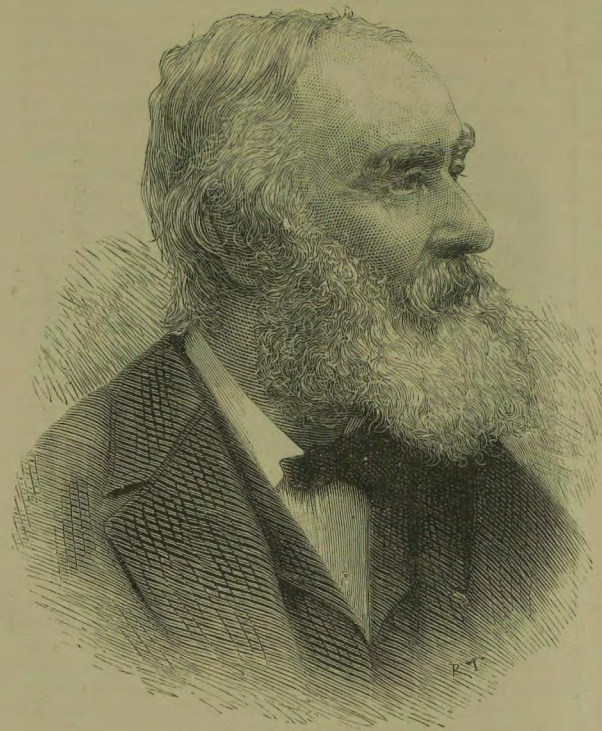
Some Wain.



THE LATE DR. J. P. JOULE, F.R.S.,  
DISCOVERER OF THE LAWS OF PHYSICS.



THE LATE SIR CHARLES WILLIAM SIKES,  
AUTHOR OF POST-OFFICE SAVINGS BANKS.



THE LATE MR. JOHN BALL, F.R.S.,  
ALPINE EXPLORER AND BOTANIST.

#### THE LATE DR. J. P. JOULE, F.R.S.

The science of physical forces, or rather of the different modes of physical force, magnetism, electricity, heat, light, molecular and atomic motion, chemical action, and mechanical force, which now appear to be interchangeable, has made vast progress during the past fifty years. To none of our philosophers is greater credit due for original discoveries concerning the laws of this master-science than to Dr. James Prescott Joule, of Manchester, who died on Oct. 11, at his residence, Sale, near that city, in the seventy-first year of his age. He was the son of a brewer at Salford, Manchester, and with his elder brother was employed in that business when young, but became a pupil of Dr. John Dalton, the founder of modern atomic

chemistry, at the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society. Joule devoted himself first to investigate the molecular constitution of gases, next to magnetism, galvanism, and electricity, and in 1840 began to speculate on the transformation of chemical energy into heat; in 1843 he was able to show the British Association how magneto-electricity and mechanical force could be converted into heat. His further experimental researches and calculations enabled him in 1849 to ascertain the dynamic equivalent of heat with great precision, and to discover physical laws which have been conducted to various applications in the scientific researches of this age. Mr. Joule received the degrees of LL.D. and D.C.L. from several Universities, and the gold medals of the Royal Society and the Society of Arts.

#### MONTENEGRIN FAMINE FUGITIVES.

The distress caused by famine in the small and barren country of Montenegro, or Czernagora, is very severe. Already, a first expedition of twelve hundred Montenegrin families, numbering six thousand three hundred and forty persons, have begun to emigrate into Servia. They partly take the route across the Sandjak of Novi Bazar, which belongs to Turkey, and through Herzegovina and Bosnia, where the Austrian authorities have made preparations for feeding these hungry travellers at the cost of the Bosnian administration. The Turkish officials have exercised the same humane charity to the distressed wanderers in the province of Novi Bazar. Our Artist, M. Lachmann, made a Sketch of the scene on this occasion.



FAMINE IN MONTENEGRO: RELIEVING FUGITIVES ON THEIR WAY TO SERVIA.

SKETCH BY M. LACHMANN.



A ROUMANIAN MAIDEN.—FROM A PAINTING BY F. EJSMOND.



### OUR OPENING DAY.

Once more November has come round, bringing with it the commencement of the hunting season; and now for at least five months of the most perfect of pleasures. May the coming season prove as "open" and as good a scenting one as the last! All through the hot and lazy summer, our eyes have been impatient to see the harvest gathered in; and instead of the clack, clack of the loose stones beneath our horses' feet, as we hack along the dusty roads, to feel the soft springy turf on which, with sweeping strides, we follow the speedy pack. Show us the Englishman who has ever felt the keen excitement of a fast forty minutes in a "flying country" whose pulse fails to quicken and whose eye to glisten at the thought of "our opening day." What visions of bygone days does it not conjure up! The cheery greetings by the covert-side; the echo of the horn; the wild prolonged "View



The invariable young 'un.

hallo!"; the eager pack; the scrimmage for a start; the moist, well-fenced pastures; the gallant, gamey horse; the rushing wind; the wild "Whoo-whoop!"—oh, life is well worth living! But while we are chatting of days that are gone, the present demands our attention. For is it not November the First? And are we not making our way to the first fixture, which is at Gately Village? It is a quarter past ten, and unless we hasten we shall be late for the meet. See, on the top of that distant hill, just where the road winds between those trees, are three redcoats: they are the whips. Our Master is punctual to the minute. As we pass the kennels, which are close to the roadside, we see the old kennel huntsman, with a couple of light-weight second horsemen who are mounting. He catches sight of us. "Mornin', Sir! Mornin'! Hope you'll have a good day!" he says, his cheery red face beaming with pleasure; but he is now too old and corpulent to follow the hunt. Twenty years ago he rode as light a weight as those two lads, at whom we now hear him shouting as they leave the yard, "Will you drop that curb?" "Confound you, keep your hands down, and let 'em go easy."

It is a perfect morning. There has been a sharp shower



"Yoi, wind him! Yoi, push him up!"

very little of; but during the season he'll have to put up with it at least two days a week. For his master is an enthusiastic foxhunter; and though jumping is not much in his line, yet, with a perfect knowledge of the roads, short cuts, and the science of foxhunting, he generally contrives to be somewhere in the neighbourhood when the fox is pulled down or run to ground. What a capital old fellow he is! The Poultry and Damage Funds are never a penny poorer through him: trampled crops and broken rails are more of a pleasure than a trouble. Wire he abhors, and, to use his own words, "Them as puts it up ought to be hung with it." Would there were many more like him, and the threatened discontinuance of foxhunting would never come to pass.

We are now on the hilltop, passing beneath the trees where we had seen the scarlet "whips." Below us spreads an undulating country, plentifully besprinkled with copses and coverts. And there, far away to the right in the blue hazy distance, looms Slanton Wood, a famous abode and stronghold of generations of foxes. Many a panting draggled varmint has it sheltered in its wild and almost inaccessible depths, and many a time has it echoed back the cry "Fresh fox!" or the "Whoo-whoop!" and the wild baying chorus round one of its rocky earths.

Not half a mile below us lies the cluster of white-washed, brown-thatched cottages known as Gately Village. They are charmingly grouped, and with an air of kindly protectorship the little squat church tower raises itself from among them. Behind that clump of trees is the Rectory, the home of as good a man as ever breathed: "Parson Jim" (as he is best known in the hunt) is everybody's friend, nobody's enemy.

Many a time have we seen him giving a fearless lead at an almost unjumpable place, or stopping, in the excitement of a

during the night; the grass by the roadside still glistens with rain-drops, and there are numerous puddles in the ground. It is just warm enough to be pleasant; the sun has not yet forced his way through the clouds; there is a little soft wind stirring; and a damp warm moisture is rising from the ground, which is a promise of a good scent. On every side are horsemen, all coming to join us; some making their way by bridle-paths, others by by-roads. One seems to be having a little private sport all to himself; for he is taking a "bee line" to the meet, popping over each fence as it comes. Down a branch road which joins ours some 300 yards ahead, three or four hats are bobbing up and

down. As their owners come into full view on the open road, we notice among them Major S., a rare old sportsman. There is no mistaking his seat, and the odd way he has of jogging along with one hand behind his back. He is riding the old fiddle-headed long-backed mare, a favourite of many years' standing. To see the way she swishes her tail and arches her well-bred neck, one would take her for a five-year-old, instead of being aged nearly twenty years. The gallant Major and she still go well, and leave many a younger pair far behind; but if they do occasionally prefer a gap to a rasper, or an open gate to a stiff flight of rails, one can only grieve that youth and nerve cannot last for ever.

"Mornin', Sir! Sure to be a scent!" says a jolly old farmer, whom we have overtaken. His fat sleepy cob is plodding along as though hunting was a thing he thought



"Come on away! Come on away!"

fast thing, to catch a loose horse or help a fallen friend. But his hunting days are over. Two sons at Oxford and four well-grown, charming, but expensive daughters have emptied the loose boxes of his stable, and "the old pony" alone is left.

A sound of rapid hoof-beats behind makes us turn in the saddle. It is the Master, on his grey mud-splashed hack. "Good morning!" he cries as he canters past, his face glowing with healthy exercise. What a seat that man has! He seems to fit into and become a part of the saddle on which he rides—upright as a soldier, yet supple as a whip: his grip on the pignose is not tight, not loose, it is that of a finished horseman. Watch how comfortably the blood-like hack is cantering along, its head held exactly in the right place, and its mouth pleasantly playing with the bits—a sure sign that the rider has good hands.

Let us now pull into a walk, for we have full five minutes to spare, and are quite close to the meet. What a number of people are out to-day! Red coats, black coats, blue coats, pepper-and-salt coats; horses, ponies, cobs, and donkeys, a motley throng of riders. The school-children, too, have got a holiday, by Parson Jim's influence. With screams of delight they witness the fond greeting and the noisy welcome of the hounds, as they catch sight of their dearly loved Master, when he pulls up to change his hack for the sixteen-hand thoroughbred hunter. See how they cluster round him! "Yoi, Challenger!" "Down, Mischief!" he cries, speaking to his favourites, who with upturned muzzles and joyous notes say as plainly as they can, "Good morning, Master! Good morning!" But "Quiet, hounds! Quiet!" shouts the head "whip," and the uproar suddenly ceases; but the dogs, with speaking eyes and waving tails, still express much of their feelings.



Describing wild circles round his perspiring owner.

We will just cast a look over the pack, for we are now among the group standing round them. Notice how level they are—not a coarse or weedy one in the lot. What shapely loins, what legs and feet! Note the gamey heads and well-carried sterns. Great bunches of muscle show up beneath their well-groomed skins. They are like racehorses highly trained. "They do their kennel huntsman every credit." "Fit as fiddles." "They're in rare trim." "We shall have to ride to be with 'em." We overhear such comments from the good-humoured pleasure-loving group, with mutual salutations: "Mornin'! Mornin'!" "Glad to see you out again. Thought you said you weren't going to hunt this season?" "Why, the old bay's come up as fresh as ever!" "So, that's the new nag—eh?" What a jolly, friendly gathering it is!

There is Miss M., with her usual contingent of admirers, who hang on her every word and smile. She is as pretty and natty as ever; and well she manages that fidgety dapple brown, who persists in trying to put a forefoot into one of his mistress's admirers' pockets.

Here come the Oak Farm crew, better known in the hunt as "The Oak Cubs," five jolly young fellows who live with Mr. S. at the Oak Farm, presumably to learn the science and practice of farming. But, as they usually hunt four days



"For-r-r-and! For-r-r-and!"



"War' wire! War' wire!"

a week, and shoot two, we fear their knowledge of agriculture must be rather limited. They are all well mounted. Several are riding clean-bred horses that appear hardly up to their weight. But it's an old and true saying that an ounce of blood is worth a pound of flesh, so let's hope the slim legs and long pasterns will carry them safely through the day. And here is Mr. S. himself—a most popular man, one of the hospitable sort, who always impresses upon everybody that they are to be sure and call, if hounds get anywhere near Oak Farm; where bread and cheese, ale, sherry, and mince-pies abound in the most extraordinary profusion. He is a rare fox-preserver too, and can always report one or more litters of cubs in his coverts. May he live long to teach English boys to be Englishmen, if not practical farmers!

We see our old friends the sporting tradesmen. There is B. on that wonderful pony, or rather miniature weight-carrying hunter. Never shall we forget the time when he pounded us all at that boggy "take off," and those high rails down at Shooter's Bottom. And there is S., mounted on a carty-looking beast, but a bad one to beat in a cramped country. With them are F. and little F., all as merry as crickets. No business to-day, no ledgers, no troubles—nothing but happiness and pleasure—

For we'll join the glad throng that goes laughing along,  
And we'll all go a-hunting to-day.

"Hounds! Hounds, gentlemen, please!" The Master has



With a struggle and a scramble, we are safely over.

little T. drops his whip, gets down to pick it up; and now his tall horse, never, at the best of times, easy for little T. to mount, persists in moving about, keeping his master hopping about on one leg like a lame sparrow.

Ah! what's that? A single note rings through the covert. It is joined by three or four others. "They've found! They've found!" Some of the riders start off madly—they know not why or where, but they must be moving. Poor little T.'s excited horse is now describing wild circles round his perspiring owner, who inwardly registers a vow that if he ever has the fortune to reach that saddle, never again will he get down till he arrives at his stable-yard. The hounds' voices are still sounding, but somehow or other they don't sound right. People are asking each other, in excited tones, which is the best point to make for. Only the old hands sit still and say nothing. Ah! just as we expected. A volley of whip-cracks. Two painful yells. "War! hare! war! hare!" "Ah! Destiny!" "War! hare, Doubtful!" The new entry is still hardly safe where toothsome "puss" abounds.

A sudden change has come over the excited riders. Some ask what "that row" means; while our funny man tells them that the fox was too short in the brush and too long in the ears. Now that the excitement has passed a kind friend dismounts to the help of little T., and hoists him into the saddle, hot and flustered.

"Toot! Toot!" goes the master's horn. "Come on away! Come on away!" shout the "whips." It's a blank. Now for Swimmer's Plantation. Jog! Jog! Jog! Again the crowd moves on. Cigars and cigarettes are in full blast, and more than one man has tasted his flask, "just to see if that stupid fellow has put in the right stuff."

It is a good mile to the next "draw," and, as the Master is anxious to get rid of the foot-people, we trot along at a more brisk pace. It seems rather hard on the little boys and girls, who have nothing but their chubby little legs to carry them; for, with panting breath and rose-red faces, they drop behind one by one, and only the big strong lads hold on, and these, by the time we get to Swimmer's Plantation, will feel more like taking a rest than running about and heading the fox. Miss M.'s admirers still continue to hang close to the dapple brown; but we fancy that tall, military-looking boy on the chestnut comes in for more than his fair share of her smiles. There is a buzz of chatter and of happy laughter! There's F., the tailor, chumming with Captain P. They're both equals to-day, both on the same errand. Rank and class forgotten, a common devotion to the same pursuit makes all friends.

There is the plantation, that long straggling group of trees. There, where it dips into the hollow, lies the old earth that has been the birthplace of many a stout fox. The thick undergrowth, the tall bracken ferns, now assuming their autumn tints of deep rich brown, form a model covert, snug and warm, which will prove a "Certain find!" So, we talk at this place. "Wonder if the old dog is here again this year?" "Yes; the cubs have been bustled about, but we never killed one in the wood!" "Wonder if he'll

make for Slanton?" "No, the wind's not right; more likely to point for Aston Gorse."

Now we have reached Swimmer's Plantation. Again the "whips" hurry off at full gallop to their appointed places. "Lieu in there! Lieu in!" The mass of covert is alive. Sometimes a white stern shows for a second. "Yoi, push him up! Yoi, rouse him!" Men look to their girths. Some take a nip at their "jumping powder." "Yoi, wind him! Yoi, push him up!" Ah! Listen! Listen indeed, for that long-drawn beautiful note can belong to none other than Challenger, whose voice is death. "Hark to Challenger!" Another crash owns the scent, another and another join in. What a crash of music! How the air seems to vibrate with the sound as it echoes through the wood!

"Yo-o-o-i! Yo-o-o-i! Gone away! Gone away!" The second whoop is given him as he breaks for the open. "Yo-o-o-i! For-r-r-ard away!" With a clatter and rush the "field" make for the halloo. Hats fly off; horses bolt; little T. again drops his whip, but to stop is impossible: "For-r-r-ard! For-r-r-ard!" is the cry. The hounds are out of covert; swarming, tumbling, leaping, out they come, and on they fly. Ere the first horseman has leapt the hedge and dropped into the field, through which the gallant fox has made his break, the leaders of the pack are away on the far side, scrambling through the bars of those stiff rails.

Now watch the "field," as they come over the hedge, all sorts and sizes. What a mêlée, to be sure! The hedge is fortunately low, and even little T. does not leave the saddle more than six inches. Miss M. flies it, with the chestnut abreast. Now a horse has refused; three or four others cannon into him. What a scrimmage! But this flight of rails is rather stout, and there is a gate lower down. Now only about thirty ride straight at the rails. The others rush pell-mell for the gate. It is locked, and three minutes will be wasted ere the gate is off its hinges and the last of the

shirkers has passed through. Three precious minutes lost, and never to be regained.

"Tap! Crack!" How cleverly the Major's old mare just rapped the top bar with her hind shoes! Crash! Little T.'s horse, held too tight by the head, has breasted the timber. What a shave for a grasser! But no, he is tossed back into the saddle, clutches his hat, which is dangling at the end of its cord, and he's as right as a trier. Ah! that dapple brown is a jumper, and no mistake. Hallo! one of the "Oak Cubs" is down. That blood-stick of his will have to learn to respect our solid timber, and there's nothing like a fall or two to make him.

What a pace the hounds are going! Nobody can catch them. Even the Master on his great ranging horse, with its low sweeping stride, is losing ground. How they race! Not a single straggler: one could cover them with a sheet. Old Challenger and Merryman are making the running, but the others are close on their sterns. "Yonder he goes!" shouts Tom, the first "whip," pointing with his crop to a field some quarter of a mile ahead, where his quick eye has detected a sudden movement among a flock of grazing sheep. "Forrard! Forrard!" The trees seem to fly past us as we race. The well-trimmed hedges and honest rails are but playthings to our excited steeds.

"War! wire! War! wire!" A thrill of horror speeds through the oncoming crowd. "War! wire! War! wire!"



Miss M. flies it with the chestnut abreast.

Ah! it is too late! The Master's horse has risen at the jump ere his rider had noticed the treacherous barbed line. He has knecid it. Oh! horrible sight!—he turns a complete somersault, and, with a dull thud, he falls! Ah! what a relief to see that the Master has been shot clear from his saddle, and ere the horse has time to struggle to his feet the nimble horseman has clutched the bridle! Thank God! they are neither of them hurt: for see, as the horse rises, his master vaults into the saddle, and on they go as gaily as ever.

Tom is off his horse, and, nippers in hand, is playing havoc with the cursed wire. He has cut away a large gap. One second to let him remount, and over we go. But we shall never come up with the hounds, unless they check, for they are now almost half a mile ahead, and going, if possible, faster than ever. The gamey fox is making straight for Aston earths, which must be a good eight-mile point from Swimmer's Plantation.

Check? No such thing. Never for an instant do they raise their heads or falter. The field is now reduced to a dozen or so. Miss M., with her faithful attendant, is still going well. Little T.'s horse is still with us, but little T. is sitting in a ditch, miles behind. Three of the "Oak Cubs" (one evidently just about done, for he is foolishly using his whip), and B. on the wonderful pony, still galloping on. These, with a couple of young farmers and the first "whip," are about the lot; and, should the pace continue, we fancy our numbers will be still further reduced.

The Master's horse hit those rails awfully hard, so we conjecture they must be fairly high. Very uncompromising do they look. We pull our gallant blown horses together with just a touch of the "persuaders," for it is a chance if we get over. Crash! Bang! Rattle! Crack! Two are down, and two have refused. The others get over somehow. Now, see, the hounds have dashed into Aston Gorse. Only five more fields and four more fences. Can we last out? We do not heed the painful throb of our horses' sides; we do not hear their laboured breath, or note the streams of sweat which course down their glossy coats, as we press them on. The spurs must be used again, or we shall never clear that staked and bound solid hedge, with perhaps a wide ditch on the far side.

How bravely our horses answer the call! What courage—what endurance! With a struggle and a scramble we are



An enthusiastic foxhunter.



There's F., the tailor, chumming with Captain P.

safely over; and as we begin to cross the broad field, on the far side of which lies Aston Gorse, we see the Master just entering the central ride. Listen! Pull into a walk. How the hounds are baying! "Who-whoop! who-whoop!" He's gone to ground! His earth was stopped, but a disused rabbit-burrow has served him well. "Who-whoop! who-whoop!"

G. H. JALLAND.



Just about done.

given the signal to move off. The first "whip" takes the lead, and trots through the crowd, who give way on either side and make a clear passage for the tricoloured beauties. Ah! there's the invariable young 'un, which always persists in pulling up, rearing, kicking, and fighting right in the path of the hounds. "Come out of the way! Hounds, please! Hounds!" shouts the "whip." But not until a man on foot has stepped forward and taken the colt by the bridle, leading him to the roadside, can the cavalcade proceed.



Two are down, and two have refused.

They are going to draw Tinker's Holt first, rather an unlikely place for a find, as we killed a cub there some three weeks ago; but it is close at hand, on our way to the "draw" of the morning, Swimmer's Plantation, and it might possibly hold a fox. We go at that odd jogging pace, faster than a walk yet hardly a trot, which those who wish to keep with the moving pack must adopt. It seems to be rather trying to a couple of stout ladies and a little short-legged man, who look as though they would prefer to let their horses walk. But we all keep on, and Tinker's Holt is reached.

The "whips" scurry off to their points of vantage. A minute or two the expectant, well-trained hounds stand, their muscles twitching and tails waving, waiting the signal from their Master. Then, "Lieu in, beauties! Lieu in, there!"



Little T.'s horse is still with us, but little T. is sitting in a ditch miles behind.

with a rush they are over the fence and busy at their work. "Yoi, wind him! Yoi, push him up!" the Master cheers. "Yoi, over! Yoi, rouse him!" Everyone is on the tip of excitement, asking, "Will they find?" Poor

## BLIND LOVE

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

## CHAPTER XLIII.

FICTION: ATTEMPTED BY MY LORD.



THE day on which the doctor took his newly appointed nurse with him to the hospital became an occasion associated with distressing recollections in the memory of Iris.

In the morning, Fanny Mere had asked for leave to go out. For some time past this request had been so frequently granted, with such poor results so far as the maid's own designs were concerned, that Lady Harry decided on

administering a tacit reproof, by means of a refusal. Fanny made no attempt at remonstrance; she left the room in silence.

Half an hour later, Iris had occasion to ring for her attendant. The bell was answered by the cook—who announced, in explanation of her appearance, that Fanny Mere had gone out. More distressed than displeased by this reckless disregard of her authority, on the part of a woman who had hitherto expressed the most grateful sense of her kindness, Iris only said: "Send Fanny to me as soon as she comes back."

Two hours passed before the truant maid returned.

"I refused to let you go out this morning," Lady Harry said; "and you have taken the liberty of leaving the house for two hours. You might have made me understand, in a more becoming manner, that you intended to leave my service."

Steadily respectful, Fanny answered: "I don't wish to leave your ladyship's service."

"Then what does your conduct mean?"

"It means, if you please, that I had a duty to do—and did it."

"A duty to yourself?" Iris asked.

"No, my lady; a duty to you."

As she made that strange reply the door was opened, and Lord Harry entered the room. When he saw Fanny Mere he turned away again, in a hurry, to go out. "I didn't know your maid was with you," he said. "Another time will do."

His permitting a servant to be an obstacle in his way, when he wished to speak to his wife, was a concession so entirely unbecoming in the master of the house, and so strangely contrary to his customary sense of what was due to himself, that Iris called him back in astonishment. She looked at her maid, who at once understood her, and withdrew. "What can you possibly be thinking of?" she said to her husband, when they were alone. Putting that question, she noticed an embarrassment in his manner, and an appearance of confusion in his face, which alarmed her. "Has something happened?" she asked; "and is it so serious that you hesitate to mention it to me?"

He sat down by her, and took her hand. The loving look in his eyes, which she knew so well, was not in them now: they expressed doubt, and something with it which suggested an effort at conciliation.

"I am fearing I shall surprise you," he said.

"Don't keep me in suspense!" she returned. "What is it?"

He smiled uneasily: "It's something about Vimpany."

Having got as far as that, he stopped. She drew her hand away from him. "I understand now," she said; "I must endeavour to control myself—you have something to tell me which will try my temper."

He held up his hands in humorous protest: "Ah, my darling, here's your vivid imagination again, making mountains out of molehills, as they say! It's nothing half so serious as you seem to think; I have only to tell you of a little change."

"A little change?" she repeated. "What change?"

"Well, my dear, you see"—He hesitated, and recovered himself. "I mean, you must know that Vimpany's plans are altered. He won't any longer occupy his bed-room in the cottage here."

Iris looked inexpressibly relieved. "Going away, at last!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Harry, if you have been mystifying me, I hope you will never do it again. It isn't like you; it's cruel to alarm me about nothing. Mr. Vimpany's empty bed-room will be the most interesting room in the house, when I look into it to-night."

Lord Harry got up, and walked to the window. As a sign of trouble in his mind, and of an instinctive effort to relieve it, the object of this movement was well known to Iris. She followed him and stood by his side. It was now plain to her that there was something more to be told—and that he was hesitating how to confide it to his wife.

"Go on," she said resignedly.

He had expected her to take his arm, or perhaps to caress him, or at least to encourage him by her gentlest words and her prettiest smiles. The steady self-restraint which she now manifested was a sign, as he interpreted it, of suppressed resentment. Shrinking, honestly shrinking, from the bare possibility of another quarrel, he confronted the hard necessities of further confession.

"Well, now," he said, "it's only this—you mustn't look into the empty bed-room to-night."

"Why not?"

"Ah, for the best of all good reasons! Because you might find somebody in there."

This reply excited her curiosity: her eyes rested on him eagerly. "Some friend of yours?" she asked.

He persisted in an assumption of good-humour, which betrayed itself as mere artifice in the clumsiest manner: "I declare I feel as if I were in a court of justice, being cross-examined by a lawyer of skill and dexterity! Well, my sweet counsellor, no—not exactly a friend of mine."

She reflected for a moment. "You don't surely mean one of Mr. Vimpany's friends?" she said.

He pretended not to have heard her, and pointed to the view of the garden from the window. "Isn't it a lovely day? Let's go and look at the flowers," he suggested.

"Did you not hear what I said to you just now?" she persisted.

"I beg your pardon, dear; I was thinking of something else. Suppose we go into the garden?"

When women have a point to gain in which they are interested, how many of them are capable of deferring it to a better opportunity? One in a thousand, perhaps. Iris kept her place at the window, resolved on getting an answer.

"I asked you, Harry, whether the person who is to occupy our spare bed-room to-night was one of Mr. Vimpany's friends?"

"Say one of Mr. Vimpany's patients—and you will be nearer the truth," he answered, with an outburst of impatience.

She could hardly believe him. "Do you mean a person who is really ill?" she said.

"Of course I mean it," he said; irritated into speaking out, at last.

"A man? or a woman?"

"A man."

"May I ask if he comes from England?"

"He comes from one of the French hospitals. Anything more?"

Iris left her husband to recover his good-humour, and went back to her chair. The extraordinary disclosure which she had extracted from him had produced a stupefying effect on her mind. Her customary sympathy with him, her subtle womanly observation of his character, her intimate knowledge of his merits and his defects, failed to find the rational motive which might have explained his conduct. She looked round at him with mingled feelings of perplexity and distrust.

He was still at the window, but he had turned his back on the view of the garden; his eyes were fixed, in furtive expectation, on his wife. Was he waiting to hear her say something more? She ran the risk, and said it.

"I don't quite understand the sacrifice you seem to be making to Mr. Vimpany," she confessed. "Will you tell me, dear, what it means?"

Here was the opportunity offered of following the doctor's advice, and putting his wife's credulity to the test. With her knowledge of Vimpany, would she really believe the story which had imposed on the strangers who managed the hospital? Lord Harry made up his mind to try the experiment. No matter what the result might be, it would bring the responsibilities that were crushing him to an end. He need say no more, if the deception succeeded. He could do no more, if it failed. Under the influence of this cheering reflection, he recovered his temper; his handsome face brightened again with its genial boyish smile.

"What a wonderful woman you are!" he cried. "Isn't it just the thing that I am here for, to tell you what I mean—and my clever wife sees through and through me and reminds me of what I must do! Pay my fee beforehand, Iris! Give me a kiss—and my poor meaning shall be offered in return. It will help me if you remember one thing. Vimpany and I are old friends, and there's nothing we won't do to accommodate each other. Mind that!"

Tried fairly on its own merits, the stupid fiction invented by the doctor produced an effect for which Lord Harry was not prepared. The longer Iris listened, the more strangely Iris looked at him. Not a word fell from her lips when he had done. He noticed that she had turned pale: it seemed to be almost possible that he had frightened her!

If his bird-witted brains could have coupled cause and effect, this was exactly the result which he might have anticipated.

She was asked to believe that a new system of medical practice had been invented by such a person as Mr. Vimpany. She was asked to believe that an invalid from a foreign hospital, who was a perfect stranger to Lord Harry, had been willingly made welcome to a bed-room at the cottage. She was asked to believe that this astounding concession had been offered to the doctor as a tribute of friendship, after her husband had himself told her that he regretted having invited Vimpany, for the second time, to become his guest. Here was one improbable circumstance accumulated on another, and a clever woman was expected to accept the monstrous excuses, thus produced, as a trustworthy statement of facts. Irresistibly, the dread of some evil deed in secret contemplation cast its darkening presence on the wife's mind. Lord Harry's observation had not misled him, when he saw Iris turn pale, and when the doubt was forced on him whether he might not have frightened her.

"If my explanation of this little matter has satisfied you," he ventured to resume, "we need say no more about it."

"I agree with you," she answered, "let us say no more about it." Conscious, in spite of the effort to resist it, of a feeling of oppression while she was in the same room with a man who had deliberately lied to her, and that man her husband, she reminded Lord Harry that he had proposed to take a walk in the garden. Out in the pure air, under the bright sky, she might breathe more freely. "Come to the flowers," she said.

They went to the garden together—the wife fearing the deceitful husband: the husband fearing the quick-witted wife.

Watching each other like two strangers they walked silently side by side, and looked now and then at the collection of flowers and plants. Iris noticed a delicate fern which had fallen away from the support to which it had been attached. She stopped, and occupied herself in restoring it to its place. When she looked round again, after attending to the plant, her husband had disappeared, and Mr. Vimpany was waiting in his place.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

FICTION: IMPROVED BY THE DOCTOR.

"Where is Lord Harry?" Iris asked.

The reply startled her: "Lord Harry leaves me to say to your ladyship, what he has not had resolution enough to say for himself."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Vimpany."

The doctor pointed to the fern which had just been the object of Lady Harry's care.

"You have been helping that sickly plant there to live and thrive," he said, "and I have felt some curiosity in watching

you. There is another sickly plant, which I have undertaken to rear if the thing can be done. My gardening is of the medical kind—I can only carry it on indoors—and whatever else it may be, I tell you plainly, like the outspoken sort of fellow I am, it's not likely to prove agreeable to a lady. No offence, I hope? Your humble servant is only trying to produce the right sort of impression—and takes leave to doubt his lordship in one particular."

"In what particular, sir?"

"I'll put it in the form of a question, ma'am. Has my friend persuaded you to make arrangements for leaving the cottage?"

Iris looked at Lord Harry's friend without attempting to conceal her opinion of him.

"I call that an impertinent question," she said. "By what right do you presume to inquire into what my husband and I may, or may not, have said to each other?"

"Will you do me a favour, my lady? Or, if that is asking too much, perhaps you will not object to do justice to yourself. Suppose you try to exercise the virtue of self-control?"

"Quite needless, Mr. Vimpany. Pray understand that you are not capable of making me angry."

"Many thanks, Lady Harry; you encourage me to go on. When I was bold enough to speak of your leaving the cottage, my motive was to prevent you from being needlessly alarmed."

Did this mean that he was about to take her into his confidence? All her experience of him forbade her to believe it possible. But the doubts and fears occasioned by her interview with her husband had mastered her better sense; and the effort to conceal from the doctor the anxiety under which she suffered was steadily weakening the influence of her self-respect. "Why should I be alarmed?" she asked, in the vain hope of encouraging him to tell the truth.

The doctor arrived at a hasty conclusion, on his side. Believing that he had shaken her resolution, he no longer troubled himself to assume the forms of politeness which he had hitherto with some difficulty contrived to observe.

"In this curious little world of ours," he resumed, "we enjoy our lives on infernally hard terms. We live, on condition that we die. The man I want to cure may die, in spite of the best I can do for him—he may sink slowly, by what we medical men call a hard death. For example, it wouldn't much surprise me if I found some difficulty in keeping him in his bed. He might roam all over your cottage when my back was turned. Or he might pay the debt of Nature—as somebody calls it—with screaming and swearing. If you were within hearing of him, I'm afraid you might be terrified—and, with the best wish to be useful, I couldn't guarantee (if the worst happened) to keep him quiet. In your place, if you will allow me to advise you—"

Iris interrupted him. Instead of confessing the truth, he was impudently attempting to frighten her. "I don't allow a person in whom I have no confidence to advise me," she said; "I wish to hear no more."

Mr. Vimpany found it desirable to resume the forms of politeness. Either he had failed to shake her resolution, or she was sufficiently in possession of herself to conceal what she felt.

"One last word!" he said. "I won't presume to advise your ladyship; I will merely offer a suggestion. My lord tells me that Hugh Mountjoy is on the way to recovery. You are in communication with him by letter, as I happened to notice when I did you that trifling service of providing a postage-stamp. Why not go to London and cheer your convalescent friend? Harry won't mind it—I beg your pardon, I ought to have said Lord Harry. Come! come! my dear lady; I am a rough fellow, but I mean well. Take a holiday, and come back to us when my lord writes to say that he can have the pleasure of receiving you again." He waited for a moment. "Am I not to be favoured with an answer?" he asked.

"My husband shall answer you."

With those parting words, Iris turned her back on him.

She entered the cottage. Now in one room, and now in another, she searched for Lord Harry: he was nowhere to be found. Had he purposely gone out to avoid her? Her own remembrance of Vimpany's language and Vimpany's manner told her that so it must be—the two men were in league together. Of all dangers, unknown danger is the most terrible to contemplate. Lady Harry's last resources of resolution failed her. She dropped helplessly into a chair.

After an interval—whether it was a long or a short lapse of time she was unable to decide—someone gently opened the door. Had her husband felt for her? Had he returned? "Come in!" she cried eagerly—"come in!"

## CHAPTER XLV.

FACT: RELATED BY FANNY.

The person who now entered the room was Fanny Mere.

But one interest was stirring in the mind of Iris now. "Do you know where your master is?" she asked.

"I saw him go out," the maid replied. "Which way, I didn't particularly notice."—She was on the point of adding, "and I didn't particularly care," when she checked herself. "Yesterday and to-day, my lady, things have come to my knowledge which I must not keep to myself," the resolute woman continued. "If a servant may say such a thing without offence, I have never been so truly my mistress's friend as I am now. I beg you to forgive my boldness; there is a reason for it."

So she spoke, with no presumption in her looks, with no familiarity in her manner. The eyes of her friendless mistress filled with tears; the offered hand of her friendless mistress answered in silence. Fanny took that kind hand, and pressed it respectfully—a more demonstrative woman than herself might perhaps have kissed it. She only said "Thank you, my lady," and went on with what she felt it her duty to relate.

As carefully as usual, as quietly as usual, she repeated the conversation, at Lord Harry's table; describing also the manner in which Mr. Vimpany had discovered her as a person who understood the French language, and who had cunningly kept it a secret. In this serious state of things, the doctor—yes, the doctor himself!—had interfered to protect her from the anger of her master, and, more wonderful still, for a reason which it seemed to be impossible to dispute. He wanted a nurse for the foreigner whose arrival was expected on that evening, and he had offered the place to Fanny. "Your ladyship will, I hope, excuse me; I have taken the place."

This amazing end to the strange events which had just been narrated proved to be more than Iris was immediately capable of understanding. "I am in the dark," she confessed. "Is Mr. Vimpany a bolder villain even than I have supposed him to be?"

"That he most certainly is!" Fanny said with strong conviction. "As to what he really had in his wicked head when he engaged me, I shall find that out in time. Anyway, I am the nurse who is to help him. When I disobeyed you this morning, my lady, it was to go to the hospital with Mr. Vimpany. I was taken to see the person whose nurse I am to be. A poor feeble polite creature, who looked as if he couldn't hurt a fly—and yet I promise you he startled me! I saw a likeness, the moment I looked at him."



*Watching each other like two strangers they walked silently side by side, and looked now and then at the collection of flowers and plants.*

"A likeness to anybody whom I know?" Iris asked.  
 "To the person in all the world, my lady, whom you know most nearly—a likeness to my master."

"What!"  
 "Oh, it's no fancy; I am sure of what I say. To my mind, that Danish man's likeness to my lord is (if you will excuse my language) a nasty circumstance. I don't know why or wherefore—all I can say is, I don't like it; and I sha'n't rest until I have found out what it means. Besides this, my lady, I must know the reason why they want to get you out of their way. Please to keep up your heart. I shall warn you in time, when I am sure of the danger."

Iris refused to sanction the risk involved in this desperate design. "It's *you* who will be in danger!" she exclaimed.

In her coolest state of obstinacy, Fanny answered: "That's in your ladyship's service—and that doesn't reckon."

Feeling gratefully this simple and sincere expression of attachment, Iris held to her own opinion, nevertheless.

"You are in my service," she said; "I won't let you go to Mr. Vimpany. Give it up, Fanny! Give it up!"

"I'll give it up, my lady, when I know what the doctor means to do—not before."

The assertion of authority having failed, Iris tried persuasion next.

"As your mistress, it is my duty to set you an example," she resumed. "One of us must be considerate and gentle in a dispute—let me try to be that one. There can be no harm, and there may be some good, in consulting the

opinion of a friend; some person in whose discretion we can trust."

"Am I acquainted with the person your ladyship is thinking of?" Fanny inquired. "In that case, a friend will know what we want of her by to-morrow morning. I have written to Mrs. Vimpany."

"The very person I had in my mind, Fanny! When may we expect to hear from her?"

"If Mrs. Vimpany can put what she has to say to us into few words," Fanny replied, "we shall hear from her to-morrow by telegraph."

As she answered her mistress in those cheering words, they were startled by a heavy knock at the door of the room. Under similar circumstances, Lord Harry's delicate hand would have

been just loud enough to be heard, and no more. Iris called out suspiciously: "Who's there?"

The doctor's gross voice answered: "Can I say a word, if you please, to Fanny Mere?"

The mail opened the door. Mr. Vimpany's heavy hand laid hold of her arm, pulled her over the threshold, and closed the door behind her. After a brief absence, Fanny returned with news of my lord.

A commissioner had arrived with a message for the doctor; and Fanny was charged to repeat it or not, just as she thought right under the circumstances. Lord Harry was in Paris. He had been invited to go to the theatre with some friends, and to return with them to supper. If he was late in getting home, he was anxious that my lady should not be made uneasy. After having authorised Mr. Vimpany's interference in the garden, the husband evidently had his motives for avoiding another interview with the wife. Iris was left alone, to think over that discovery. Fanny had received orders to prepare the bed-room for the doctor's patient.

## CHAPTER XLVI

### MAN AND WIFE.

Towards evening, the Dane was brought to the cottage.

A feeling of pride which forbade any display of curiosity, strengthened perhaps by an irresistible horror of Vimpany, kept Iris in her room. Nothing but the sound of footsteps, outside, told her when the suffering man was taken to his bed-chamber on the same floor. She was afterwards informed by Fanny that the doctor turned down the lamp in the corridor, before the patient was helped to ascend the stairs, as a means of preventing the mistress of the house from plainly seeing the stranger's face, and recognising the living likeness of her husband.

The hours advanced—the bustle of domestic life sank into silence—everybody but Iris rested quietly in bed.

Through the wakeful night the sense of her situation oppressed her sinking spirits. Mysteries that vaguely threatened danger made their presence felt, and took their dark way through her thoughts. The cottage, in which the first happy days of her marriage had been passed, might ere long be the scene of some evil deed, provoking the lifelong separation of her husband and herself! Were these the exaggerated fears of a woman in a state of hysterical suspicion? It was enough for Iris to remember that Lord Harry and Mr. Vimpany had been alike incapable of telling her the truth. The first had tried to deceive her; the second had done his best to frighten her. Why? If there was really nothing to be afraid of—why? The hours of the early morning came; and still she listened in vain for the sound of my lord's footstep on the stairs; still she failed to hear the cautious opening of his dressing-room door. Leaving her chair, Iris rested on the bed. As time advanced, exhaustion mastered her; she slept.

Awakening at a late hour, she rang for Fanny Mere. The master had just returned. He had missed the latest night-train to Passy; and, rather than waste money on hiring a carriage at that hour, he had accepted the offer of a bed at the house of his friends. He was then below stairs, hoping to see Lady Harry at breakfast.

His wife joined him.

Not even at the time of the honeymoon had the Irish lord been a more irresistibly agreeable man than he was on that memorable morning. His apologies for having failed to return at the right time were little masterpieces of grace and gaiety. The next best thing to having been present, at the theatrical performance of the previous night, was to hear his satirical summary of the story of the play, contrasting delightfully with his critical approval of the fine art of the actors. The time had been when Iris would have resented such merciless trifling with serious interests as this. In those earlier and better days, she would have reminded him affectionately of her claim to be received into his confidence—she would have tried all that tact and gentleness and patience could do to win his confession of the ascendancy exercised over him by his ycle friend—and she would have used the utmost influence of her love and her resolution to disunite the fatal fellowship which was leading him to his ruin.

But Iris Henley was Lady Harry now.

She was sinking—as Mrs. Vimpany had feared, as Mountjoy had foreseen—lower and lower on the descent to her husband's level. With a false appearance of interest in what he was saying she waited for her chance of matching him with his own weapons of audacious deceit. He ignorantly offered her the opportunity—setting the same snare to catch his wife which she herself had it in contemplation to use for entrapping her husband into a confession of the truth.

"Ah, well—I have said more than enough of my last night's amusement," he confessed. "It's your turn now, my dear. Have you had a look at the poor fellow whom the doctor is going to cure?" he asked abruptly; eager to discover whether she had noticed the likeness between Oxbye and himself.

Her eyes rested on him attentively. "I have not yet seen the person you allude to," she answered. "Is Mr. Vimpany hopeful of his recovery?"

He took out his case, and busied himself in choosing a

cigar. In the course of his adventurous life, he had gained some knowledge of the effect of his own impetuous temper on others, and of difficulties which he had experienced when circumstances rendered it necessary to keep his face in a state of discipline.

"Oh, there's no reason for anxiety!" he said, with an over-acted interest in examining his cigar. "Mr. Oxbye is in good hands."

"People do sometimes sink under an illness," she quietly remarked.

Without making any reply he took out his matchbox. His hand trembled a little; he failed at the first attempt to strike a light.

"And doctors sometimes make mistakes," Iris went on.

He was still silent. At the second attempt, he succeeded with the match, and lit his cigar.

"Suppose Mr. Vimpany made a mistake," she persisted.

"I hope you don't think there is any want of sympathy on my part," he said. "You are quite right to go to your father. That was all I meant." He was agitated, honestly agitated, while he spoke. Iris saw it, and felt it gratefully. She was on the point of making a last appeal to his confidence, when he opened the door for her. "Don't let me detain you," he said. His voice faltered; he suddenly turned aside before she could look at him.

Fanny was waiting in the hall, eager to see the telegram. She read it twice and reflected for a moment. "How often do things fit themselves to one's wishes in this convenient way?" she asked herself. "It's lucky," she privately decided—"almost too lucky. Let me pack up your things," she continued, addressing her mistress, "while I have some time to myself. Mr. Oxbye is asleep."

As the day wore on, the noble influences in the nature of Iris, failing fast, yet still at rare intervals struggling to assert themselves, inspired her with the resolution to make a last attempt to give her husband an opportunity of trusting her. He was not in his room, not in any other part of the house, not in the garden. The hours passed—she was left to eat her dinner in solitude. For the second time, he was avoiding her. For the second time, he distrusted the influence of his wife. With a heavy heart, she prepared for her departure by the night-mail.

The duties of the new nurse kept her in the cottage. Filled with alarm for the faithful creature whom she was leaving—to what fate, who could say?—Iris kissed her at parting.

Fanny's faint blue eyes filled with tears. She dashed them away, and held her mistress for an instant in her arms. "I know whom you are thinking of," she whispered. "He is not here to bid you good-bye. Let me see what I can find in his room." Iris had already looked round the room, in the vain hope of finding a letter. Fanny rushed up the stairs, determined on a last search—and ran down again with a folded morsel of flimsy foreign notepaper in her hand. "My ugly eyes are quicker than yours," she said. "The air must have come in at the window and blown it off the table." Iris eagerly read the letter:—

"I dare not deny that you will be better away from us, but only for awhile. Forgive me, dearest; I cannot find the courage to say good-bye." Those few words spoke for him—and no more.

Briefly on her side, but not unkindly, his wife answered him:—

"You have spared me a bitter moment. May I hope to find the man whom I have trusted and honoured, when I come back? Good-bye."

When were they to meet again? And how?

(To be continued.)

## A NEW PRUSSIAN CROWN.

A new Prussian crown has been made, at the command of the Emperor William II., and has been delivered to him. We learn from the Berlin Correspondent of the *Standard* that the form is the same as that of the old one, but the crown is richer and more tasteful. The diamonds and pearls are taken from the Treasury of the Royal House, and are of great value. The crown weighs three German (i.e. 3·3 English) pounds; the diamonds alone weigh about seven hundred and fifty carats. The frame is of solid gold. The broad lower rim contains twenty-four diamonds as large as walnuts and of striking beauty; they are set in fine chasings in the baroque style. Round the rim rise eight clover leaves of splendid effect, the parts being formed of the finest diamonds. From these leaves rise eight hoops, adorned with seventy-eight diamonds. Between these hoops rise very beautiful ornaments, each bearing a diamond in its middle and a pearl the size of an acorn on its point. The whole is surmounted by the apple of the Empire, consisting of a single large sapphire. This enormous jewel is surmounted by the cross, which is adorned with eighteen diamonds. The effect is enhanced by the purple velvet which lines it within. The crown is made to fit the head of the Emperor William II. exactly. In the new crown-shaped diadem of the Empress, which she wore for the first time at the wedding of her sister, Princess Frederick Leopold, eleven of the finest and largest pear-shaped pearls are set in most elegant silver ornaments, adorned with more than one thousand five hundred diamonds. These costly jewels are also taken from the Treasury of the Royal House.

The Hymers gift of £50,000 for establishing a college at Hull leaves available a net sum of £49,684. Of this amount £30,000 is to be permanently invested in Hull Corporation Stock, and the balance handed over to the governors as soon as that body is complete.

The first turf of the West Highland Railway, an important section of the line near Fort William, was cut on Oct. 23, by the chairman of the company, General Lord Abinger. This new line, authorised, after a keen contest, in the last Session of Parliament, will continue the North British Railway from Helensburgh to Port William, a distance of one hundred miles, passing through one of the most beautiful parts of Scotland. There will also be a branch to Crinan, forty miles in length, by way of Inveraray and Loch Fyne.



Fanny held her Mistress for an instant in her arms. "I know whom you are thinking of," she whispered.

"In the case of this stranger, it might lead to deplorable results."

Lord Harry lost his temper, and with it his colour.

"What the devil do you mean?" he cried.

"I might ask, in my turn," she said, "what have I done to provoke an outbreak of temper? I only made a remark."

At that critical moment, Fanny Mere entered the room with a telegram in her hand.

"For you, my lady."

Iris opened the telegram. The message was signed by Mrs. Vimpany, and was expressed in these words: "You may feel it your duty to go to your father. He is dangerously ill."

Lord Harry saw a sudden change in his wife's face that roused his guilty suspicions. "Is it anything about me?" he asked.

Iris handed the telegram to him in silence. Having looked at it, he desired to hear "what her wishes were."

"The telegram expresses my wishes," she said. "Have you any objection to my leaving you?"

"None whatever," he answered eagerly. "Go, by all means."

If it had still been possible for her to hesitate, that reply would have put an end to all further doubt. She turned away to leave the room. He followed her to the door.

## WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

Mr. Thomas McLean's exhibition (7, Haymarket) would take a first place among the winter picture-shows if it contained nothing else than Sir John Millais's "Afternoon Tea" (19), a group of children on which he has expended more than usual care, and in which he has achieved a very remarkable success. Millais's children do not pretend to the heavenly graces and vaporous beauty of Reynolds's. Our contemporary is content to take children as he finds them—roguish, round-faced, and a trifle self-conscious. The little maiden here, in her white frock and mob-cap, is seriously doing the duties of hostess to her two little friends, finding support and countenance in her pug-dog, who evidently realises the fact that nothing but strawberries are left of the feast. It is difficult to imagine a prettier group treated with more thorough regard for the beauty of babyhood; but while it is unnecessary to dwell upon the costumes of the children—for Sir John Millais has already shown his mastery over muslin and other stuffs—we ought to call attention to the wonderful sense of shadow as shown in the back of the little arbour or cavern where the children are feasting. The flowers and creepers seem just to exclude daylight, and yet to allow one to see that there is a rare hiding-place beyond for such as are not afraid to enter, though none of the tea-drinkers will probably venture in. Altogether, we think, Sir John Millais's latest picture will be reckoned among his happiest modern achievements, except, of course, by those who wish to exclude children from the domain of art. Mr. Edwin Long's "Choosing a Deity" (13) will probably also attract some admirers; but we confess that the shifting of the familiar Egyptian ladies to the portico of a Greek temple hardly reconciles us to their appearance. The best part of the picture is the blaze of sunlight falling on the hill-side, which forms the background of the picture. Mr. Marcus Stone is always clever and attractive; and his young lady on a bench beside the water awaiting "The Return" (14) of a dusky husband or lover just seen through the gloom is quite up to the level of his ordinary work. Mr. J. C. Hook's "Sea Pools" (20), in which two very red-haired maidens are fishing, is scarcely so satisfactory. Mr. Ernest Croft's "Return from Moscow" (38) is somewhat dirty in colour. On the other hand, Mr. F. D. Millet's "Wandering Thoughts" (35), a girl who has ceased playing, and is leaning on her piano lost in thought; and Mr. J. H. Lorimer's "Roses" (3), mother and child meeting on the staircase, are veritable gems in their way, and will add much to the reputation of both artists. Mr. L. B. Hurt's "Highland Drove" (27) and Mr. Robert Macbeth's "Fish-Today" (36) are also good specimens, and somewhat distinct from their previous work. Among the foreigners, after Madame Rosa Bonheur, who is represented by "A Royal Stag" (12), the place of honour must be awarded to Herr Wilda, who has made rapid progress in his study of Oriental life. His "Cairene Carpet Market" (5) and "The Mosque of Mahomet Bey" (18) are full of careful work, in which no trace of laboriousness is visible; and Herr Munkacsy's "Flirtation" (11) is a very sober and, at the same time, attractive specimen of his skill.

The exhibition at Messrs. Tooth and Sons (5 and 6, Haymarket) mainly relies, as usual, upon the work of foreign artists; but this year a special place is reserved for two of Sir F. Leighton's most important works—"Greek Girls Playing at Ball" (6) and "The Sybil" (82). It is so recently that we had occasion to speak of these two works, when exhibited in the summer at Burlington House, that it is unnecessary to say more than that the former especially is seen to greater advantage here than it was when hemmed about by rival competitors for public attention. Another member of the Royal Academy, Mr. J. H. Pettie, contributes a more novel work, Izaak Walton (68) as a youth. He is represented in a reddish doublet and trunk hose—lying on a bank—with his fishing-rod on one side, and the spoils of "the day" beside him. As an angler he does not seem to have had a very successful day's sport, if we may judge from the few fish, possibly dace and roach, but more resembling mackerel, which are carelessly lying on the ground, in direct violation of the "master's" commands to the followers of the gentle art. The somewhat sad and downcast expression of Master Izaak's face is probably due to his having started with the hope of getting a basket of grayling: his toil has been rewarded by only a few "coarse fish." Mr. B. W. Leader's best work is a view over the sands near "Harlech" (96), but the sky is a trifle spotty, but less hard than that of the "April Day" (21). Two capital pictures by Mr. W. Logsdail, "A Visit of Ceremony" (14) and "Workaday Venice" (17), show a very delightful and conscientious appreciation of local life and colour painted in Mr. Logsdail's broadest style; while, to return to our country, we have Mr. Vicat Cole's "Harvest Time" (56) and Mr. Ernest Parton's "Silver Light" (57), revealing to us the beauties of Thames scenery within the reach of the most determined home-stayer. Mr. Frank Walton's "Furze Down, near Dorking" (42), Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Essex River" (50), and Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Harvest Time on the Medway" (88) are pleasant memories of warmth and sunshine amid our rain and fog. They are, moreover, characteristic, though not important, works of their respective painters, to whom we owe much for keeping up the credit of English scenery and country life. In another way, Mr. S. E. Waller's "White Cockade" (73), Mr. Ernest Croft's "A Halt in Pursuit" (123), and one or two others keep up our love of horses. Mr. John Barr's "Rebel of the Family" (114) and Mr. G. B. O'Neill's "Future Nelson" (27) keep up our love of children. Among the "foreigners," Meissonier's newest version of "Le Liseur" (31), which belongs to the present year, shows that the veteran of threescore and fifteen has not lost his marvellous power in minute work. The present reader, dressed in a yellow doublet and a black skull-cap, is seated at his writing-table, apparently correcting or annotating as he reads. The face is full of earnest expression, and every detail of the body, as well as of the furniture of the room—which is that of a book-lover—is worked out with surprising finish and truth. By the side of the veteran Meissonier there is happily placed the work of the most youthful recruit of this school, M. Jeno V. Kéméndy, one of those clever Slav artists who has studied at Munich, apparently under Herr Seiler. Kéméndy's "Bibliophiles" (32) is scarcely larger than Meissonier's "Liseur," but it contains not only four or five figures of book-hunters in a secondhand bookseller's shop, but includes a glimpse of the courtyard and street outside. There is, notwithstanding the limited space, no sense of crowding or of scamped work: every volume on the shelves is carefully painted, and in each figure a different feeling displayed. M. G. Jacquet's "La Chasseresse" (29) belongs to the clever French school which rather relies upon costume and colour for effect than upon any play of feature; while Herr Schreiber exaggerates a similar epidemic which has invaded the Munich school, of which "The Enthusiast" (46), an old "priest-vicar" training his choir, is not a bad instance. Herr P. Joanowitch has returned once more to Servian village life, and gives us a characteristic group of rough soldiers (54) in picturesque costume listening to the song of the serving-maid. M. W. Bouguereau's "First Whisper of Love" (77)

is painted with that mastery of mother-of-pearl transparency for which the artist is celebrated; but it is not very easy to feel much enthusiasm for the young girl in white, seated on a stone, while a cupid similarly clothed buzzes round her head like a gigantic moth. On the other hand, we must count M. Léon Lhermitte's "Hay Time" (83) as one of his most successful works; and call attention to M. Geo. Claude's "Le Viatique dans la Montagne" (65)—an old priest accompanied by two acolytes making their way across the snow—to M. Antonio Favre's "The Chief" (72)—fine in colour, but almost coxcombical in expression—to M. Ph. Sadée's "Toilers of the Sea" (71), to Mr. D. C. Artz's "On the Sand Dunes" to Mr. Ferraris' "At the Mosque" (101) and "Moslem Charity" (106)—two scenes of Cairene life—as excellent specimens of the schools to which they severally belong.

Messrs. Dowdeswells (160, New Bond-street) have in a way carried on the idea they initiated last spring of bringing to the notice of picture amateurs in this country some of the more distinguished French and Dutch artists. Thanks to the appreciation of foreign art in this country, the works of contemporary painters in France and Holland are fairly well known on this side of the Channel, and consequently it is rather on the excellence of work than on the novelty of name that the present exhibition depends for support. To begin with the Frenchmen, Gustave Courbet is represented by three very distinctive works, illustrating three phases of his art. The first is a "Forest Interior" (42), by which is meant a glade with overhanging trees, full of rich colour, very imaginative, and suggestive of the influence which Troyer exercised over Courbet in his earlier style; "A Bowl of Flowers" (34) painted with very remarkable vigour and richness of colour seems to mark the influence of the Dutch school of realism; and, finally, the bold, broadly painted landscape "Near Ovrans" (14) shows us Courbet as he became in his later years. Of Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, and Roybet there are specimens, but they do not call for special notice; but the two or three works by H. Daumier are specially interesting, as this well-known caricaturist did comparatively little work in oils, and still less in the way of the "Bath" (104), which seems to point to a time when he was studying at Rome. A fine sunset scene (5), quaint but not unpleasant in colour, by A. Harpignies also deserves study. Among the Dutch artists few show to such good effect as J. H. Maris, whose work, although often slight, is always poetic. The "Enviroms of the Hague" (88) is one of the largest specimens of his powers; and, although he lends no artificial beauty to the very homely suburbs of that city, he makes an attractive picture. Mr. P. T. Gabriel's "Autumn Morning" (10) is full of light and bright atmosphere, and his "Summer Evening" (62) shows that he is not merely a man of one idea; but M. Th. de Bock's "Autumn Evening" (73), with its ruminant cows in a pasture, is too heavy in colour and treatment. Two very clever works—almost Impressionist—are contributed by Mr. G. H. Breitner—"Manœuvres at Arnheim" (44) and "The Halt" (47)—in which, by means of very broad and vigorous painting, the artist has seized with rare skill a momentary incident. Mention should also be made of M. J. H. Weissenbruch's "Kitchen" (13), M. E. Henke's "Girl Knitting" (65), M. Th. Merker's "Scheveningen" (83), and M. W. Roelofs's "Near the Ysel" (83)—as bright a little landscape as one can wish to hang upon one's walls.

At the Nineteenth Century Art Society (Conduit-street Galleries) there is the usual array of recruits' work, tempered here and there by that of more veteran performers. The exhibition is, above all things, a test of the purchaser's foresight; for he may here pick up for a very trifling sum the work of an artist who, in a few years, will be gaining public attention at the Royal Academy or at the Institute. Mr. Fuller Maitland's "Sea Breezes" (174) and "The Reef Bar" (198), Mr. Arthur J. Ryle's sketch of "Springtime" (175) and "Moorland and Marsh" (242), Mr. F. J. Aldridge's "French Fishing-Boats" (177) and "A Breezy Afternoon" (270) are examples in which the promise of future success seems within reach of the artists named; and Mr. A. M. Chambers, to judge from his portrait of Miss Mary Hullah (197), has a very good conception of the requirements of portraiture. As is often the case—especially in these Winter Exhibitions—the water colours are more attractive than the oil pictures. Among them we notice excellent work attached to names altogether unknown by their previous achievements—Mr. J. Loxham Browne, Mr. Charles Fisher, Mr. Edward Jennings, Mr. Henry Terry, Mr. Harold Smith, and others. Among the more familiar names we may mention Mr. Laurence Hart, whose "River" (370) "tumbling through rocks abrupt" shows very considerable power; Mr. J. Parsons's "Last Scrimmage" (431), dedicated to the lovers of football; and a bright boulevard scene by Miss Millicent Grose, "On the Quai des Augustines" (386), the well-known haunt of the book-hunter. Mr. Fred. Burgess's views of Venice, clever and delicate as they often are, are too suggestive of Miss Clara Montalba's style not to provoke comparison; while Mr. John Sowden is tempted to devote his skill rather to minute detail than to general effect. Both artists, however, produce very creditable work; and the same may be said of the dozen more who offer pictures or sketches which deserve places on our walls, and would go far to make our rooms bright and pleasant.

At Messrs. Vokins' Gallery (Great Portland-street) lovers of animals may see how horses were painted in days when they were less numerous but more appreciated than now—days. S. Gilpin, James Ward, and Sir Edwin Landseer all owe their reputation and their rank as Academicians to their painting of animals, especially of horses. It is therefore very interesting to compare the treatment of three generations—of which the earliest, Gilpin, belongs to the last century, and the latest coming down to our own time. Gilpin's two pictures are connected by a very shadowy bond with Gulliver's voyage to the Houyhnhnms—professedly illustrative of his arrival in and departure from their country; but in reality intending to depict the feelings which horses are able to convey by their movements and attitudes. James Ward's single horse is a remarkable instance of his thorough mastery of the anatomy of the animal, while Landseer's "Hunters at Grass"—three horses in a paddock enjoying their well-earned rest after a hard season—is, perhaps, one of the most successful of all his horse-pictures. It was painted when he was still a young man, and was first exhibited in 1853, two years after he had been elected a Royal Academician. It belongs to the same period, therefore, as "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time" and the portrait of "Sir Walter Scott and his Dogs"; but, never having been engraved, like these, it has not acquired the popularity which it undoubtedly deserves.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have been well inspired to move their exhibition in black and white westwards (Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street), for it will there attract a larger public than when held on Ludgate-hill. The majority of the present drawings have been made to illustrate the "Picturesque Mediterranean," a book which the firm is about to publish on a scale of rare completeness. The principal points of interest and beauty along the shores of the inland sea have been assigned to various artists—the Pillar of Hercules to the late Mr. John O'Connor, Marseilles and Genoa to Mr. John

Fulleylove, Corsica and the Spanish Coast to Mr. E. T. Compton, Tunis and Alexandria to Mr. W. H. J. Boot, Smyrna to Mr. MacWhirter, and the coast of Palestine to Mr. H. A. Harper. Each artist has, as might have been expected, acquitted himself creditably of his task. But, in addition, the reader is likely to get from the illustrations thus parcelled out a more complete idea of each district than would be possible if single drawings from various hands had been accepted. In addition to this series of drawings there are also exhibited the original sketches made to illustrate the *Magazine of Art*, "Cassell's History of England," and other publications. Among the contributors Mr. W. Paget, Mr. Blair Leighton, and Miss Alice Havers are the most noteworthy. All the works are in black and white.

On Oct. 26 the Marquis of Lorne opened the Victoria Art Galleries at Dundee, in the presence of a large assembly. The galleries are an addition to the Albert Memorial buildings erected, many years ago, from designs by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and they have involved a total outlay of nearly £48,000. Lord Lorne, who was enthusiastically received, said he thought the citizens of Dundee could not have done a more suitable act than associate the Queen's name with such a beneficent institution. More had been done to elevate the people and provide for their welfare during her Majesty's reign than in any other period of British history.

Justices Field, Day, and Grantham have been selected to be placed upon the rota for the trial of election petitions during the ensuing year.

Two handsome stained-glass windows from the studio of Messrs. Warrington and Co., of Fitzroy-square, have been placed in the west end of Lewisham parish church.

Mr. C. R. M. Talbot, M.P., "father of the House of Commons" and Lord Lieutenant of Glamorganshire, has forwarded a cheque for £1000 to the secretary of the Home of Rest for Invalids and the Distressed Poor at Portheawl.

The Council of the Northern Union of Schools of Cookery has held its ninth conference in the Committee-room of the Royal Institution, Colquitt-street, Liverpool, the meeting being held in this city this year on the invitation of the Liverpool School of Cookery.

Lord Penzance, sitting as Judge of the Court of Arches, has suspended the Rev. P. J. Benson, Vicar of Hoo, near Rochester, for one year, for refusing to administer the Holy Communion to Mrs. Swayne, on the ground that she attended a Wesleyan chapel.

Alderman Sir Henry Isaacs, the Lord Mayor-Elect, accompanied by the Recorder and other officials, waited on the Lord Chancellor at the House of Lords, on Oct. 24, to receive the Queen's assent to his election. Lord Halsbury congratulated Sir Henry, and the loving-cup brought a pleasing ceremony to a satisfactory termination.

Mr. W. E. Gloag, Sheriff of Perthshire, was on Oct. 23 appointed a Judge in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, in the place of the late Lord Mure. Mr. Gloag was called to the Bar in 1853, was for some years Sheriff of Stirlingshire, and succeeded Lord Kingsburgh as Sheriff of Perth. He is a brother of the present Moderator of the Established Assembly.

Miss Sarah Lewin, who has recently retired from the office of Assistant Secretary to the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, which she has filled with much efficiency since its establishment in 1859, has been presented with a testimonial from the committee, subscribers, and other friends. The testimonial consisted of an illuminated address and a purse containing £163.

Constitution-hill is open for light carriage traffic under the same conditions as Birdcage-walk and other roads in St. James's Park. Power is, however, reserved to close it during the residence of the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and on such other occasions as may be necessary. "Owing," says the official intimation, "to the narrowness of the carriage-way, it has not been thought expedient to allow bicycles to use the road."

The Brighton and Hove International Exhibition, promoted by the General Exhibitions Syndicate (Limited), is being held at Hove. The large building, which covers about three acres, has been erected on a site between Holland-road and Palmeira-avenue, and cost over £3000. The exhibits include various manufactures, jewellery, antique articles, paintings, &c. It has been registered under the Patents Acts, and will remain open for three months.

At the second annual Devonian banquet, held in March last, a wish was generally expressed that an entertainment should be given in the course of the year to which ladies as well as gentlemen could be invited. Accordingly a conversation and ball were given on Oct. 24 at the Freemasons' Tavern, to which all good Devonians were invited. The guests were received by Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote, and Devonian vocalists and musicians gave their services for the concert.

The St. David's Diocesan Conference have unanimously accepted the proposal to constitute a new Bishopric of the Archdeaconry of Brecon and the Deanery of Gower, to be called the See of Brecon and Swansea. The only difference of opinion was whether the minimum endowment should be £2000 or £3000 per annum. The former was carried by an overwhelming majority. Subscriptions equal to £1400 per annum are promised, and the Bishop of St. David's intends to devote part of his income towards the new foundation.

"Caught at Last," a new comedietta by the Countess Cadogan, was produced at the Avenue Theatre on Oct. 23, and met with general approval. The success of both this and "La Prima Donna," the new comic opera produced the previous week at the same theatre, under the able management of M. Marius, has been considerably enhanced by the lavish way in which these pieces are mounted. Anything more thoroughly artistic than the furniture in the comedietta and the massive antique oak furniture in the first act of "La Prima Donna," supplied by Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., can hardly be imagined.

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"THE SONG OF SPRING."

PICTURE BY W. BOUGUEREAU. IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Problems of the Future, and Essays.* By S. Laing. (Chapman and Hall.)—Philosophy, ethics, and religion are never safely left to be the doctrinal monopoly of a class of specialists, clerical, academical, or professional, who are exempt from the active business of the world. Large and varied experience of social life is the surest corrective of error in transcendental speculation. A veteran public man, who has during forty years past, after gaining high mathematical honours at Cambridge, been constantly employed in the labours of Board of Trade official administration, or in the duties of a member of Parliament, or as Indian Finance Minister, or as Chairman of the Brighton Railway Company, is not likely to be a dreamy idealist or a scholastic bigot. He has a vast acquired fund of practical common-sense, a trained faculty of inductive and experimental reasoning, the habit of looking all round the different sides of a question and then hitting its central point, and that of reducing his views to just perspective and co-ordination. Mr. Laing, in his old age, with undiminished intellectual vivacity and literary skill, animated by that spirit of rational and wholesome optimism which lets into the mind a clearer daylight than can ever shine on systems of mere logical negation, has of late been discussing the results of "Modern Science and Modern Thought." His summaries of the general propositions concerning the physical constitution of the visible universe, the origin and development of forms of organic life, and the laws determining the progress of mankind to secular welfare, added to our stock of knowledge within the past thirty-five years, are very useful reading. Many persons of liberal education, who want to know the net amount of ascertained truth, in a form adapted to the plain understanding of common language, are quite unprepared to peruse a detailed account of methodical scientific researches. A few concise paragraphs, correctly setting forth the admitted conclusions of such inquiries, and showing their relation to other truths no longer disputed, help more to popularise the mature fruits of philosophy than attempting to retrace all the controversial arguments of this age. We cannot all be astronomers, geologists, physicists, biologists, and physiologists; very few of us are inclined, if we had the faculty, to become metaphysicians or theologians; and the sociologists make little apparent headway. Mr. Laing, without pretensions to deep learning, has gone well round the fields of recent investigations, and has compiled a very fair account of their crops. His chief deficiency is in the psychological, which some may consider the most valuable of them all, and possibly the only key to religious mysteries. Though he is acquainted with those remarkable proceedings of the French school of mental physiology and rathology, reported by Messrs. Binet and Feré at the Salpêtrière, which promise to account for all ghostly apparitions and spirit-mediums, by hypnotic states of the nerves and brain, he does not face the analysis of higher mental operations. "We trust we are not wholly brain," and physiologists cannot disprove this belief. In the domain of metaphysics, again, Mr. Laing's curious book entitled "A Modern Zoroastrian" offers an ingenious reproduction of logical puzzles, familiar to ancient speculative philosophers, to the wise men of Greece and the wise men of the East, to mediæval schoolmen and to German abstract thinkers, which the wit of man can hardly solve. The formula which he adopts, that of "the principle of polarity," seems identical with other conceptions of a supposed eternal antinomy ruling every kind of existence, which may be only the effect of our mental constitution, as we can think of nothing positively without an implied thought of its negative or opposite. But existence must itself be taken on trust, and, as we know nothing of the universe but what we infer from phenomena of physical and spiritual experience, the essential reality is beyond our ken. As for the physical, Mr. Laing reviews, in the opening chapters of this volume, with much ability, the arguments furnished by modern science for ascribing the production of all astronomical bodies, of every solar system in space which may or may not be unbounded, to matter in motion. All physical forces, heat, light, electricity, and chemic force, gravitation, attraction, and cohesion and combination of molecules and atoms, being referred to motion, here is an efficient cause for terrestrial and celestial phenomena. Matter and motion seem to exist, and to go on working under one physical law, all over what we call the universe: but of the origin, the essence, the supreme principle, neither physics nor metaphysics can inform us. Coming down from these speculative heights to the facts known by geology and palæontology, Mr. Laing gives a very good account of the discoveries of fossil animal remains and traces of the existence of mankind tens of thousands of years ago, even far back in the Tertiary Period; and, with reference to the production of the human species, or, as we should say, of the animal body inhabited by the human spirit, he inquires for the "Missing Link" of development connecting it with the anthropoid apes. He refrains from dogmatism on these questions of natural history, and his exposition is conducted in a thoroughly candid spirit. The next chapter, "Animal Magnetism and Spiritualism," is a summary of the contents of the volume of the "International Scientific Series," which we have already noticed. Readers attached to orthodox standards of theology will, perhaps, not be disposed to accompany Mr. Laing in his reflections on the present seeming conflict between "Agnosticism and Christianity," of which we get so much in the current monthly magazines. It may hereafter appear to have been merely a conflict of positions temporarily occupied in controversy by parties whose essential aims tend in directions not interfering with each other. In his acute scrutiny of the "Historical Element in the Four Gospels," Mr. Laing again traverses ground which has been diligently examined by many critics of the New Testament narrative books, and does not adduce fresh proofs or arguments for those who, like Robert Elsmere, doubt their entire authenticity, while receiving Christianity as a divine revelation. This is followed by a discussion on "Scepticism and Pessimism," which is discursive and anecdotal, but rather inconclusive. Mr. Laing himself must be esteemed constitutionally an Optimist; but we should not call him a sceptic—rather, one who wishes to believe as much truth as he can find. He is not averse to the exercise of the imagination; and his chapter on "The Creeds of Great Poets," Shakspeare, Dante, Milton, Goethe, Burns, Wordsworth, and Tennyson, arrives at a religious conclusion. This instructive volume further contains several essays of a political character, on the huge military armaments of Europe, on taxation and finance, and on the increase of population and the prospects of adequate food-supply, concerning which subjects the opinions of Mr. Laing should have considerable weight.

*William Hazlitt, Essayist and Critic.* Selections, with Memoir by Alexander Ireland. (F. Warne and Co.)—Mr. Ireland of Manchester, the earliest personal friend of Emerson in England, has been known in the literary world nearly half a century as a diligent collector of the writings of our best essayists, whose detached and often desultory work, originally scattered through numerous periodical and occasional publications, forms a great portion of the treasure of thought and sentiment, of humour, wit, and fancy, that has helped to nourish

the mind of the present age. Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, the classics of this agreeable and profitable kind of literature in the last generation, which is rapidly becoming the penultimate to those who are still comparatively juniors, have long ago received from Mr. Ireland's scholarly and loving care all the bibliographical treatment needful to furnish a complete and exact view of their contributions to our intellectual store. In his exquisite little manual "The Book-Lover's Enchiridion," which has passed through several daintily printed editions, Mr. Ireland has given an adequate place to some of the choicest bits of fine prose and serious meditation produced by those yet unsurpassed commentators on individual life from the standpoint of literary study. They are probably not immortal authors, but their influence on modern English character and society is certainly not yet dead. Hazlitt's political opinions, indeed, formed in a vehement conflict of partisanship consequent on the eclipse of the principles of the French Revolution and the animosity felt towards Napoleon in this country, may now seem antiquated, not less so than those of Southey on the other side; but his independent judgments of many of his contemporaries are confirmed by an impartial retrospect. Few critics have brought a more determined and uncompromising spirit of truthfulness, or a keener insight into moral temperaments and dispositions, to their estimates of the reality of professed high aims and purposes, while his own integrity and zeal for public welfare could never be doubted. The contents of this volume, one of the "Cavendish Library," extending to above five hundred pages of close small type, include Hazlitt's most valuable critical essays on the English poets, dramatists, novelists, moralists, humourists, artists, and orators, from Chaucer and Spenser down to Byron, Scott, Coleridge, and Wordsworth; most of his acute and original comments on the ordinary experiences of private life; on social intercourse and conversation, on types of personal character, ranks, classes, and professions, on literary studies, the fine arts, and picture-galleries; and some passages from his "Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," with his remarks on Burke and Fox. These papers, written chiefly from 1815 to 1830, express views that are by no means obsolete so far as they belong to the criticism of literature and art, of human life and behaviour, and that have not been more fitly expressed by any later writer. Mr. Ireland has prefixed to the collection a biographical memoir of William Hazlitt, occupying some fifty pages, accurately detailing the incidents of his life, which in some of his domestic relations was eccentric and uncomfortable, but which is here treated with judicious moderation, and with equal charity and candour. We accept the volume as a critical compilation, performed with admirable good taste and skill, and really a labour of love, preserving in the most convenient form a body of writings that should not be neglected by this or by the next generation. An "édition de luxe," of quarto size, printed on thick paper, of which there are 125 copies, is adorned with a photographic view of Winterslow Hut, on the border of Salisbury Plain, a favourite solitary resort of Hazlitt's, where some of his best essays were written.

*Witch, Warlock, and Magician: Historical Sketches.* By W. H. Davenport-Adams. (Chatto and Windus.)—The able compiler of this volume has explored a wide but gloomy field of literary research, entirely belonging, as he warns us, to the thousand-volume "History of Human Error." This includes that of all liars and rogues, all dupes and fools, who have indulged in the monstrous traffic of supernatural communications of knowledge and power to mankind—as if mankind had ever yet made a fit use of their natural faculties, and of the legitimate attainments of constant experience in the uniform course of affairs. The folly of our ancestors, however, from the earliest ages of antiquity down to the eighteenth century, is abundantly illustrated by anecdotes of the astrologers, alchemists, miracle-workers, magicians, Rosicrucians, wizards, witches, and witch-finders, especially of those who flourished in England and Scotland, beginning with the thirteenth century, though we are not to include such true scholars of physical science as Roger Bacon, and probably not Albertus Magnus or Raymond Lully, eminent foreign philosophers, among the designing impostors. The pretended art of transmuting baser metals into gold is thought to be of Egyptian origin during the Roman Empire, and to have been described in Greek writings, translations or paraphrases of which by the Arabian and Moorish scribes, along with more useful rudiments of learning, found their way into Spain. It may be conjectured that the Chaldean system of astrology was imported into Western Europe by the same agency. Mr. Davenport-Adams fixes the conspicuous practice of these absurd mysteries in England as beginning in the fourteenth century, but rising in the course of a hundred years to such importance that King Henry VI., in 1455, granted patents to certain Knights, London citizens, chemists, priests, and monks, who promised by discovering "the philosopher's stone" to make gold and silver enough to pay the debts of the Crown. Alchemy, indeed, was not originally tainted with the notion of invoking the aid of superhuman personalities, angels or demons, to accomplish its feats, but was based on a false idea of the nature of metals, supposing that gold was the true and pure metallic essence, and that any other metal could be purged and converted into gold by a chemical process, in which preparations of mercury and sulphur were to be applied, if the prescription were rightly known and used. There was nothing immoral or impious in this belief, which was cherished by patriotic and benevolent men as the possible means of relieving poverty and fortifying the State. But it soon became an instrument of cheats and swindlers, while many chemists and druggists were suspected of vending noxious philtres and poisons for criminal purposes. Copious extracts are given from the popular comedies and plays, satirical or tragical, in which the fraudulent practitioners, imagined dealers with the legion of fiends, were held up to detestation. The story of the Brazen Head which spoke thrice, "Time is—Time was—Time is past," was unscrupulously associated with the life of Friar Bacon, and is told with much force and some humour in a prose romance, which Robert Greene dramatised in 1589. Ben Jonson's "Alchemist" is better known to the general reader. A biographical sketch of Dr. John Dee, Queen Elizabeth's favourite soothsayer at Mortlake, with his rascally assistant, Edward Kelly, and the credulous Polish Prince, Albert Laski—the "Alasco" of Sir W. Scott's "Kenilworth"—whom they accompanied in a Continental tour, affords a curious study of the social condition of England in that reign. Simon Forman, a probable accomplice of the infamous Countess of Essex and the Earl of Somerset in their murderous intrigues, and Dr. Lambe, who was connected with the Duke of Buckingham, were undoubted villains, worthy of the patronage they obtained at the Court of James I. William Lilly, the astrologer, was certainly a double-faced political traitor in the times of Charles I. and the Commonwealth, but must be acquitted of any heinous crime. The account of these notable personages, though not particularly new to readers of English history, forms an interesting portion of this book. It is followed by that of the sect or school of speculative mystics, styled the Rosicrucians, in the seventeenth century, of whom Mr. Hargrave Jennings has

written a more complete description, not expressly quoted by the present compiler. The latter half of the volume is occupied by what is really a separate work—the history of English and Scottish witchcraft, to which Mr. Davenport-Adams has devoted much industry and narrative skill. It is full of sickening revelations of human malice, cruelty, falsehood, and stupidity, though he has taken care to exclude whatever is grossly indecent, and may be read with profit as a display of the fallibility of judicial and magisterial decisions, the worthlessness of evidence concerning alleged miraculous or marvellous events, and the erroneous opinions of the clergy, the lawyers, and the men of learning, in an unscientific and uncritical age. We read with pleasure, on the other hand, extracts from the writings of Reginald Scott, in 1584, the Rev. George Gifford, in 1593, also John Wagstaffe, in 1669, and John Webster, in 1677, against this atrocious superstition, to which, nevertheless, hundreds of lives were yearly sacrificed by "the wisdom of our ancestors," and by which the most abominable conspiracies for defaming and destroying innocent persons were successfully carried into effect, all in the name of religion.

## THE NITRATE WORKS OF CHILE.

We gave Sketches, by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, who recently visited the maquinas of Jaz Pampa and Paccha, in Chile, where vast quantities of nitrate are produced. As there are hundreds of these works scattered all over the Pampas of Chile, and most of them are carried on by the aid of British capital, the importance of this industry may be readily conceived. The whole of them are connected by a railway system, having its termini in Iquique and Pisagua, the two ports where nitrate is shipped to Europe at the rate of many millions of tons every year.

Our Artist's Sketch shows a portion of one of the nitrate grounds belonging to the Primitiva Company, presided over by Colonel North, and formed for working one of the richest and most productive tracts in the province of Tarapaca. Under the able management of Mr. J. T. Humberstone it is carried out in a systematic fashion, instead of on the old haphazard plan under which labourers working on their own account contented themselves with picking out the richest spots and passed over the remainder. The slope to be worked having been duly tested as to the presence of caliche by sinking small circular holes at intervals over its surface, the corrector, or head overseer, of the calicheros, acting under the general instructions of the manager, gives orders for the sinking of tiros or blasting-shafts in such places as he deems most suitable, arranging as a rule to work up-hill so as to facilitate the disposal of refuse. The tiros are sunk by the barreteros, who take their name from the long pointed bar of iron employed by them in this operation, and who are paid so much per foot according to the depth to which the hole has to be driven and the hardness of the ground penetrated. The hole is little more than a foot in diameter, the loosened earth being removed by means of a kind of ladle attached to a long pole. When the barretero has penetrated through chuca, costra, and caliche, and reached the underlying stratum of cova or soft earth, the services of the destazador come into play. He is a small and slender boy, who slips down to the bottom of the shaft and scoops away the loose earth all round so as to form what is known as the taza or cup. The completed shaft is then taken over by the "particular," who proceeds to charge the taza with the requisite amount of slow-burning gunpowder, to affix a slow match, and to carefully tamp the shaft in such wise that the coming explosion may rather gently lift the surrounding ground than rend a crater in it or send it flying into the air. The fuse is fired, and then follows either a dull rumbling roar, a slow heave of the ground, and an upward rush of thick brown dust that hangs about in a dense and blinding cloud, signs of a perfectly laid tiro, or the sharper explosion and brisk jet of smoke and dust, mingled with widely scattering masses of costra and caliche, that mark a less accurately calculated charge. The result is now conjointly inspected by the particular and the corrector, and the price per cartload at which the former shall extract and deliver the caliche debated and settled. This varies according to the depth at which the caliche lies, the thickness and quality of the stratum, and the amount of labour required to break it up and free it from adherent costra. The particular and his mates set to work to separate the caliche from the costra and to break the former into lumps about the size of a man's head for loading into the carts. To accomplish this they are sometimes obliged to have recourse to blasting, driving small holes into the larger masses loosened by the first explosion, and charging these with powder; but, as a rule, the work is done as shown in our Engraving, by means of bars, hammers, and wedges. The task of separation is facilitated by the presence of the underlying stratum of cova, which forms a kind of floor on which the sorting is readily accomplished. The costra and other refuse is thrown backward down-hill, and the dressed caliche piled in heaps in readiness for the carts. These are light iron vehicles drawn by mules. In some cases the carts, when loaded, proceed direct to the maquina, where the nitrate is extracted from the caliche; but the more modern system employed at Primitiva and some other leading establishments is to transfer their contents to iron tip-cars running on a portable railway. By this plan the outlying fields can be economically and efficiently worked, and their produce speedily transported to the maquina, there to be subjected to processes which will be described in a subsequent account.

The gold medal, gold badge, and championship of the 2nd City of London Rifle Volunteers have been won by Private A. Hore, of B Company, Corporal Hare being second.

Mr. Mundella opened on Oct. 25 a new high-grade school just erected at Norwich under the auspices of the Norwich School Board. Mr. George White, who is chairman of the Norwich School Board, presided.

Messrs. S. and H. Harris have been awarded a bronze medal at the Paris Exhibition for the excellence of their shoe blacking, harness composition, polishing paste, and other stable and household requisites.

The new church built by the Duke of Newcastle on his Notts estate at Clumber, at a cost of £40,000, was opened on Oct. 22 by the Bishops of Southwell and Lincoln. It is to be used as a private chapel by the Duke.

Miss Edwards has sailed in the Etruria for New York, on a tour in the United States, where she will deliver some eighty or a hundred lectures, chiefly for universities, colleges, and learned societies. She is to give courses at Columbia College; the University of Pennsylvania; the Peabody Institute, Baltimore; the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; and before the American Archaeological and Geographical Societies.

Lady Compton opened on Oct. 25 the new buildings which have recently been added to the Camberwell Mission and Ragged School. They consist of a soup kitchen for supplying Sunday morning breakfasts for the destitute, children's dinners during the week, and soup for the needy. There are also two class rooms and a lavatory, the whole being built upon the freehold ground purchased by the Mission, at a cost of £450.



NITRATE GROUNDS IN THE PROVINCE OF TARAPACA, CHILE: DIGGING OUT THE CALICHE.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

## NEW BIRDS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

The collection of birds at the Gardens of the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park has received an addition of some interest to naturalists in the Touracos, or "plantain-eaters," of Africa, sometimes also called "Crown birds," from the horny base of their yellow bills being prolonged backward over the forehead in a kind of shield. Though one or more varieties of the species have figured in the works of ornithologists for nearly a century and a half, not a great deal has been ascertained regarding their ways of life. It is known, however, that they eat fruit and frequent the highest trees in the thickest forests, seldom coming to the ground. Most of them are brilliantly hued—emerald green and dark crimson predominating. But what has given the Touracos a place among birds of special interest to the physiologist is the peculiar nature of the colouring matter which adorns the scarlet primary wing feathers of many of the group. In 1818, M. Jules Verreaux, a French naturalist, noticed that in the white-crested form, the "Lory" of the Cape and Natal colonists, this beautiful hue vanished on exposure to heavy rains, and reappeared only when the feathers were dry. It has now been ascertained that this peculiarity is possessed by the crimson feathers of all the birds of the family. So completely, indeed, is the pigment soluble in cold water that, to use the language of an eye-witness, the Touracos "wash themselves nearly white in the water." When a Touraco is shot in its native jungle, and happens to fall into the water, it not unfrequently stains the pool red, with the pigment dissolved out of its wing feathers, and it has happened more than once that when the uninitiated taxidermist proceeded to sponge the plumage of the specimen he was "setting up" and found that the colour came off. It has been discovered by Professor Church that the crimson hue is imparted by an animal pigment peculiar to this bird, from which circumstance it has received the name of "touracin," and that the chief constituent of the colour is copper—a fact which renders its occurrence in the Touraco's feathers not a little remarkable, as the bird is a fruit-feeder inhabiting dense forests, in regions which, like the Guinea Coast, are either entirely deficient in copper or possess it very sparingly. Touracos bred in England, under conditions which would make it impossible for them to imbibe, even accidentally, any metallic substance, have their wing-feathers tinted with this cuprous touracin, equally with their wild kindred.

Archbishop Walsh opened the winter session of the Mater Misericordie Hospital, Dublin, on Oct. 23. A large number of Roman Catholic clergymen and members of the medical profession were present. Dr. Redmond read an address of welcome and thanks to his Grace. He stated that since its foundation this hospital had kept pace with the progressive developments of medical science. It was now the largest institution of its kind in Dublin, and accomplished the most work, the daily

average number of in-patients being 277. Should the recommendations of the Dublin Hospitals Commission be carried into effect, the authorities of this hospital, notwithstanding their straitened resources, contemplated the erection of a building completely isolated, for the reception of cases of infectious disease. Prizes were given for pre-eminence in clinical study. The late Mr. Mark Leonard, of Dublin, directed, in his will, that a sum of £1000 should be invested and the interest devoted to the giving of a prize or prizes for the best answering at a clinical and written examination. His Grace distributed these prizes to the students.



TOURACOS, OR "PLANTAIN EATERS."  
NEW BIRDS IN THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

## THE MAIL-COACH IN AUSTRALIA.

Although New South Wales and Victoria possess great main lines of railway, systematically planned to reach the remotest townships of the interior, each of those colonies having now above two thousand miles of railroad actually working, while Melbourne and Sydney are connected by a line of 576 miles, travelled in nineteen hours, the mails are carried to many places by four-horse coaches; and the arrival of one of these, with its few passengers and its eagerly expected freight of letters and newspapers, is usually a scene of lively social excitement among the assembled inhabitants of a back settlement. From the neighbouring sheep-runs and stations come gentlemen driving their fast "buggies," and "boundary-riders" or station-hands sent to meet the mail, and perhaps miners in a gold-field district, to wait at the appointed hour in front of the little shed, which serves for a post-office, as well as for a general shop or store, and often for a roadside inn, providing supper and bed, or "shake-down," for belated travellers. To the colonial exile, it may naturally be supposed, the hope of a letter from friends in England is a matter that lies deep in his heart; besides which, he may be anxious for business communications from the city, from a mercantile agent, from a bank, or to learn the latest price of wool in the London market, and to reckon his chances of profit on the fleeces of an immense flock. The stableman holds a fresh team of horses ready for the coach as it finishes the stage with a brisk gallop downhill, the driver brandishing his whip to salute the little crowd of men in waiting at the station. Ten minutes will be allowed for changing, and for eating and drinking, before the vehicle again starts on another run of fifteen or twenty miles, keeping up a pace which could only be surpassed in the old country, fifty years ago, by the best examples of mail-coach driving; but serious accidents are very rare. The roads in the colony are generally kept in good condition.

Mr. Monro, Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, attended on Oct. 24 with Colonel Monsell at the chief station of the N Division in Stoke Newington, to present to Police-Constable Thomas O'Shea, 251 N, the Royal Humane Society's certificate as a recognition for bravery in saving life from drowning. In detailing the circumstances, Mr. Monro

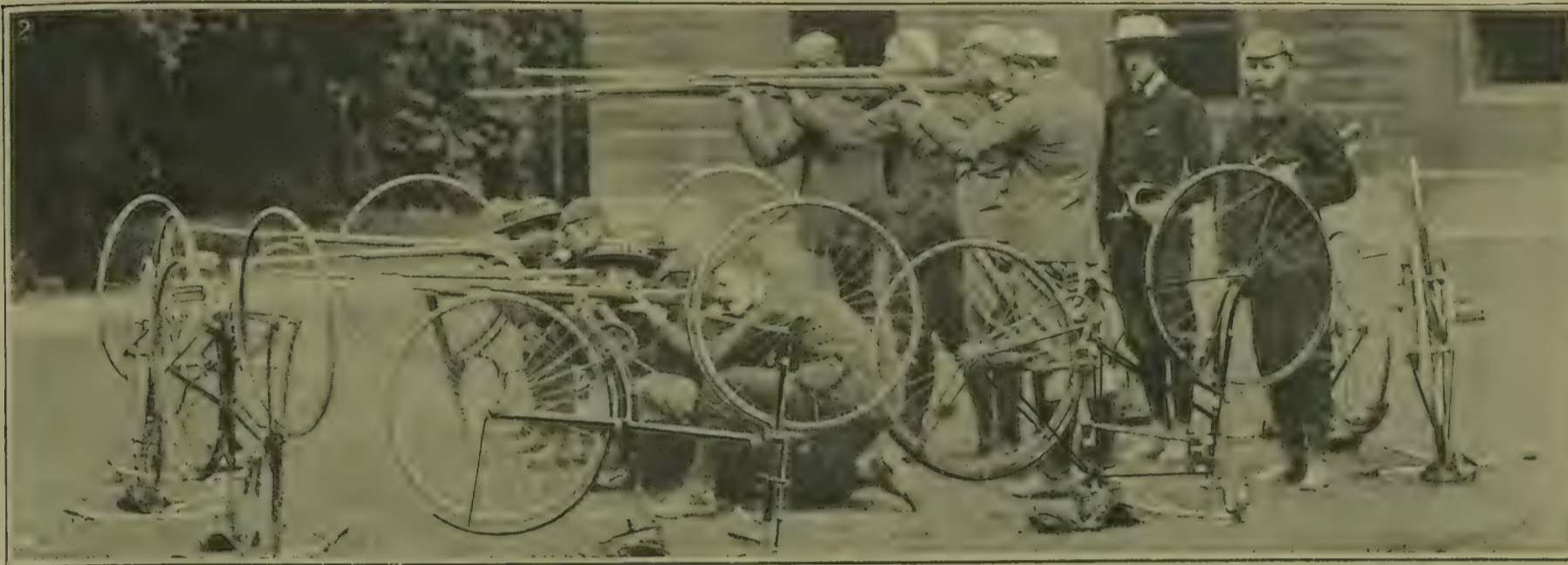
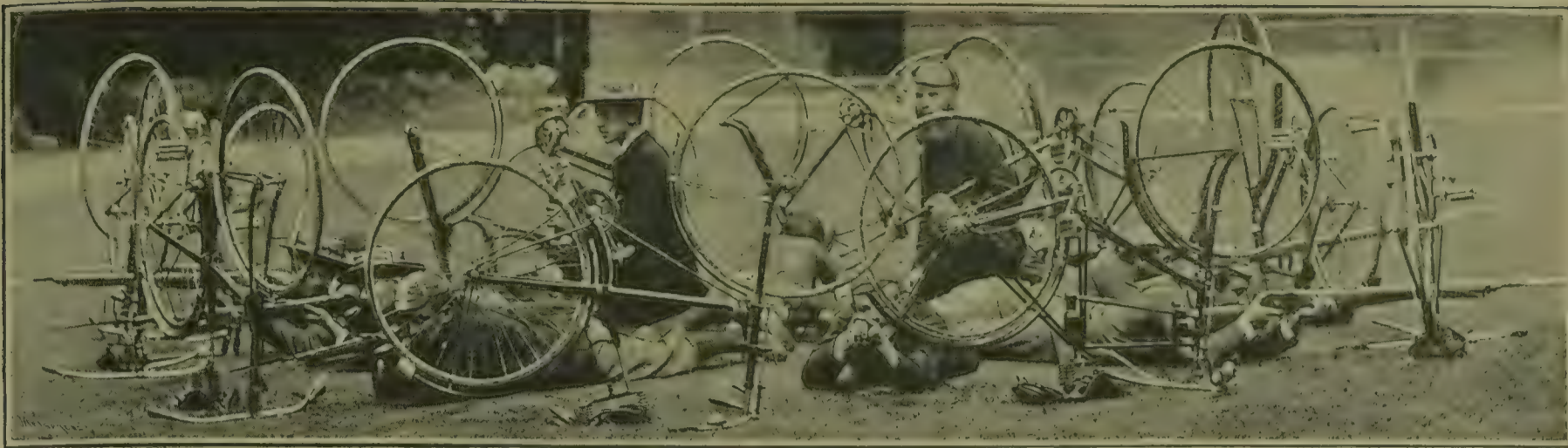
said that on Aug. 20 the constable was on duty at Government-row, Enfield Lock, when he heard the screams of Lucy Swinton, aged fourteen, who had fallen into the water. He hastened to the spot, plunged in, and rescued her.

A new wing which has just been added to the Poole Free Library by Mr. J. J. Norton, who recently built at his own expense the Free Library building itself, at a cost of £1800, was formally opened, on Oct. 24, by Mr. George H. Bond, M.P. The proceedings included the unveiling by Mr. Bond of a portrait of Mr. Norton, which was accepted, by the Mayor on behalf of the Corporation of Poole.



"HERE COMES THE MAIL!"

A SKETCH IN AN AUSTRALIAN BACK SETTLEMENT.



1. Preliminary Stage of Attack.

2. Forming to Check Advance.

3. Close On—Rear Rank Pouring in a Final Volley.

4. Actual Contact.

MILITARY CYCLING: FORMATION FOR RESISTING ATTACK OF CAVALRY.

MILITARY CYCLISTS' MANŒUVRES.

That cycles may very profitably be used for military purposes is no longer an open question ; but their exact value, and the best way of utilising them in actual service, is as yet very far from being ascertained. It is a time of trial and experiment ; very few details of drill or equipment are yet settled, nor has any typical pattern of machine yet proved itself superior to all others for the special work required.

One great difficulty, naturally, is the fact that the recognised military authorities are not themselves qualified to instruct in the matter, but are compelled, at every step, to consult practical cyclists. This drawback has, however, a great compensating advantage. It allows any officer, especially a Volunteer officer, to work out in theory and try at once practically any idea which may occur to him, to be accepted, modified, or rejected, as actual experience may suggest. In this way a mass of trustworthy data is being gradually accumulated, from various centres throughout the country, in regard to every detail of this new departure. Uniform, make of machine, method of carrying rifle and bayonet, and the simplest and best formations and evolutions for fulfilling the requirements of actual service, both on the march and in actual contact with the enemy—these and many other questions are being eagerly discussed and tried by experiment.

Of the two great questions concerning any new arm—first, What can it do? secondly, To what special dangers is it exposed?—the latter, in the case of cyclists, may be answered in one word—cavalry. It is from comparatively small bodies of cavalry, pushing on in advance of the main body, and swooping down upon a few cyclists under circumstances from which retreat is impossible, as in a hollow, with steep rising ground both in front and rear, that the great, almost the only, danger is to be feared.

Lieutenant Wilson (Professor Cook Wilson), commanding officer of the Cyclist Company attached to the 1st Oxfordshire (Oxford University) Rifle Volunteers, has turned his especial attention to the method of dealing with this emergency. Our Illustrations give a fair idea of the positions found in actual practice to be most suitable. The movements necessary are few and simple, and occupy only a few seconds, a time less in all cases than must elapse between the first sight of the enemy and the actual hand-to-hand fighting.

One of the incidental advantages a cyclist possesses lies in the fact that, his own movement being noiseless, he can hear almost as well and as quickly as a sentry.

The prescribed movements, together with a complete system of drill, arranged by Lieutenant Wilson, were thoroughly tested during the week in camp at Headington last summer, and were found to work out most satisfactorily. We proceed briefly to explain them.

Two cases of the emergency in question are possible—namely, first, where the attack is made on an ordinary inclosed road, with walls, hedges, or other protection on each side ; and secondly, when the road is exposed, as on an open down. The former is obviously a much simplified case of the latter situation, to which the Illustrations refer.

A small body of cyclists, ten in number (two sections and a half-section), with officers and bugler, marching in usual order of half-sections—that is, by "twos"—are attacked by cavalry. At the word of command, "Halt!" "Prepare for cavalry!" "Form square!" each man dismounts ; and the respective second half-section move up alongside their first half-section, so as to form a line of four men in front and rear, with a half-section of two men between them. Each man then grasps his machine at the point of balance, and turns it outwards ; so that they form a square, with the men inside ; each machine overlapping by a few inches those next to it.

The rifles are lifted out of their clips as the machines are lowered to the ground, and are then placed on the ground for a moment, while the machines are grasped with both hands by the framework and placed upside down, so as to stand in a reversed position, resting on their handle-bars and saddles.

Lastly, each man, as he lies or kneels down behind his machine, sets his wheels spinning round with a touch of his finger. Such a fence, apart from the *chevaux de frise* of bayonets behind it, forms an obstacle which few horses, if any, would face ; and the men inside, in perfect security, can pick off the advancing horsemen with deadly effect.

The position, so far as mounted horsemen are concerned, is practically impregnable ; while the infantry rifles, with which cyclists are armed, have great advantages, in accuracy and steadiness of aim, over the carbines of dismounted cavalry.

It must also be remembered that at least one fourth of the attacking force retire as non-combatants in charge of the horses.

Our first Illustration represents the preliminary stages of the attack, when the horsemen are manoeuvring to get the sun behind them, or some similar advantages, and it is not yet certain whence the actual charge will come.

The second shows the position taken in firing to check the advance.

In the third act the rear rank of the cyclists are pouring in a last volley, while the front rank sink on their knees, to meet the actual shock.

The last scene, "actual contact," shows what would be the final position taken by both ranks, but it would probably not take place in real warfare. It is practically impossible to train horses to charge obstacles of such a nature that each first success would involve broken legs and death.

These Illustrations are taken from some excellent photographs by Messrs. Gairman and Co., of Oxford, and forwarded to us by Mr. W. H. Fairbrother, M.A., Tutor of Keble College, Sergeant in the Cyclist Company of the 1st Oxford University Volunteers.

Prince Frederick Dhuleep Singh has been staying a few days in Suffolk, and met many of his former friends and neighbours at the County Hall at Bury St. Edmunds, and at the dance at Ampton Hall, the residence of the High Sheriff.

Mr. Frederick G. Saunders has been unanimously elected Chairman of the Great Western Railway Company, in succession to the late Sir Daniel Gooch. Mr. Saunders was formerly secretary to the company, and is one of the directors.

Students of practical chemistry are provided by Dr. H. Wilson Hake, F.C.S., Assistant Lecturer on that subject at the Westminster Hospital Medical School, and formerly of Queenwood College, Hants, with a very useful series of "Analytical Tables" (published by Messrs. G. Philip and Son, Fleet-street), which "show the behaviour of common metals and acids to the ordinary reagents." The colours of the various oxides, salts, precipitates, flames, borax-beads, and blow-pipe reactions are exactly shown by figures carefully coloured by hand, so as to give a visible representation of what actually takes place in the laboratory. This, to our knowledge, has never been done before. These tables will be of much service to a scholastic and elementary study of the science of analytical chemistry. Dr. Hake is the joint author, with Dr. Dupré, F.R.S., of "A Manual of Chemistry," which was highly approved.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E. ANTHONY (Hereford).—Very good, and rather unusual. Shall shortly appear.

E. W. B.—Thanks. The game shall be looked at in due course.

W. LEAVE.—Acceptable, as usual.

R. S. M. (Heathfield Park).—The Chess Monthly and British Chess Magazine are exclusively chess periodicals, if that is what you mean by "official." The British Chess Association answers best to your other inquiry, and Mr. I. Hoffer, British Chess Club, 37, King-street, W.C., is its secretary. We cannot answer by post.

CLIFT (Geneva).—Your own judgment agrees with ours about your last contribution ; it is rather too easy.

T. G. (Ware).—Have you not overlooked in your second solution of No. 2376 the effect of Black playing 2. Kt to K 5th?

F. MORREY.—There is not enough life in your problem. In three out of five variations the mate is the same.

W. A. CLARK (East Moulsey).—Very neat, and shall appear.

F. W. PHILLIPS (Penge).—We are afraid the check for your first move is fatal. Mr. Lloyd is the only composer who can get over that difficulty in a two-mover.

SYDNEY MEYMOTT.—Sh. II be re-examined.

J. E. HERBERT.—We are pleased to meet with further examples of your skill. The last was very successful.

FR. FERNANDO, F. N. B., AND OTHERS.—In Problem No. 2376 there is no dual continuation. After P to B 5th, 2. Kt takes P (dis ch) is met by Pinterposing, &c.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2376 received from Alpha, G. J. Veale, R. F. N. Banks, J. Hall, Fr. Fernando, J. E. Herbert, D. McCoy, L. Desanges, W. R. Radclim, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), R. H. Brooks, R. W. riers (Canterbury), R. Heman, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), E. London, Dawn, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), R. Gorman, W. B. Wood, Thomas Chown, F. G. Tucker, H. Beermann, Captain A. Chailice, T. G. (Ware), W. H. J. Henbey, E. Dregeon (Cardiff), and N. Harris.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2369 received from A. R. V. Sastry (Mysore) and T. Percival (Natal); of No. 2373 from Rev. John Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.), G. M. A. B. (Bonchurch), Emil Frau, and F. Burgoyne; of No. 2374 from John G. Grant, E. G. Bays, Charles Herington, A. E. Sedgwick, and F. Burgoyne; of No. 2375 from T. Roberts, Thomas Chown, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Albion (Oldham), and H. Beermann (Berlin).

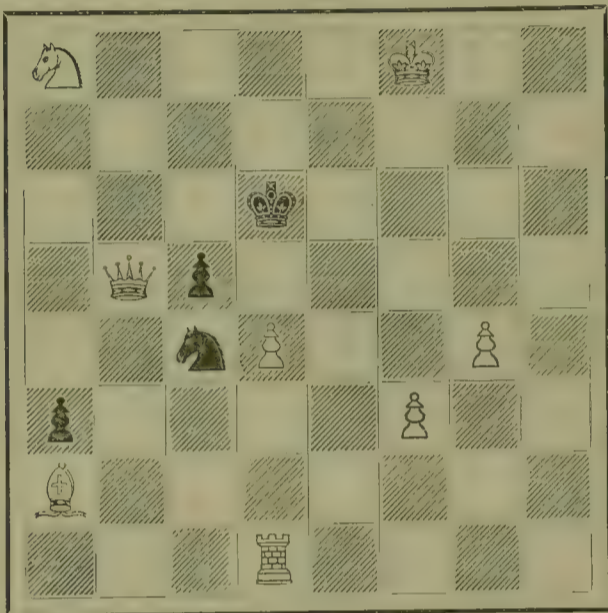
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2374.—By J. G. CAMPBELL.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to R 8th P takes P  
2. P to Kt 7th K moves  
3. Q mates  
If Black play 1. K takes P, the answer is 2. Q to Q B 7th, &c.  
NOTE.—This Problem can also be solved by 1. P to Kt 7th, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2378.

By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in two moves.

One of six simultaneous games played at South Shields between Captain MACKENZIE and Mr. G. C. HEYWOOD.  
(Pierce Gambit.)

WHITE (Capt. M.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Capt. M.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. Kt to Kt 5th	
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	Again excellent play; shutting off the retreat at Q B 2nd; and threatening a fatal check at K Kt 4th.	
3. P to B 4th	P takes P	14. R to K Kt sq (ch)	
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	An ingenious attempt at liberation.	
5. P to Q 4th	P to Kt 5th	15. K to R sq Kt to B 4th	
6. B to Q B 4th	P takes Kt	Of course, if B to K 4th; 16. B takes B' Kt takes B; 17. Q takes P, Mate.	
7. Castles	B to Kt 2nd	16. R to K sq R to Kt 3rd	
8. P to K 5th	K Kt to K 2nd	The check at K 6th must be stopped, and if now 17. B to K 8th (ch), Q takes B; 18. R takes Q, R to Kt 8th (ch); or K takes R, with the advantage.	
P to Q 3rd, before playing this move, was probably better. The counter-irritant, P to Q Kt 4th, is also worth trying.		17. P to Q B 3rd B to K 4th	
9. Q B takes P	P to Q 3rd	18. B takes B Kt takes B	
10. P takes Q P	B takes P (ch)	19. R takes Kt P to Q Kt 3rd	
11. K to R sq	P takes P (ch)	20. Q to Q 5th	
12. K takes P	P takes P	This crushing move dissipates Black's last hope.	
13. B takes P (ch)		20. Q R to Kt sq	
Very finely played. Any other move would allow Black to establish a defensible game with a piece ahead, by either R to K sq (ch), B to K 3rd, or B to K 4th.		21. B takes R P takes B	
13. K to Q 2nd		22. R takes Kt	
The Bishop ought to have been taken, notwithstanding the fierce attack which was entailed. In a position so beset with difficulties it was easy, however, to miss the right move.		And wins.	

The chess column in *A Z*, a family magazine published by Messrs. Partridge and Co., is now to appear every week, instead of once a month as heretofore. The editing is in very competent hands, and a special feature of the column is its two-move problems.

The great chess tournament of 140 members of the City of London Chess Club was commenced, on Oct. 21, at Ye Salutation, in Newgate-street, and has been going on steadily ever since. The competitors are divided into twelve sections of about twelve each. Four of the sections play every Monday, four every Wednesday, and four every Friday. It consequently takes a week to finish a single round of this gigantic contest. The five leading sections are composed of first and second class players, and all the competitors are strong representatives of their respective classes. It is admitted that this is the largest chess tournament on record.

*Chess Studies and End Games.* By B. Horwitz and J. Kling. (London: G. Bell and Sons, York-street, Covent-garden.)—This is nominally a second edition of a work published by the late Mr. Horwitz, which, owing to numerous errors, failed to attract the attention its merits deserved. In the present instance these have been carefully corrected by the Rev. W. Wayte, who in an admirable preface explains the circumstance of the reissue. The first section of the book is devoted to positions of joint authorship published so long ago as 1851, the second to those by Mr. Horwitz alone of more recent composition. Together they form a series of studies of the greatest value. There is no part of the game so much neglected, both in practice and theory, as the endings. While works on the openings are numerous, "Stanton's Handbook" is practically the only one in general circulation dealing with end-games. By reviving the "Chess Studies of 1851"—admittedly the best on the subject published in England—and bringing together the later efforts of Mr. Horwitz's peculiar genius in this branch of the game—a want is supplied which we trust will secure for this volume the success we wish it.

A statue of the Queen is shortly to be erected at Oodeypore, and unveiled by Prince Albert Victor during his visit to the Maharajah Futeh Singh, of Oodeypore.

The London Missionary Society has received £1000; and the China Inland Mission, the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, and Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, £500 each, under the will of the late Miss Jowitt, of Woodfield, Yorks.

Mr. J. Heaton Cadman, barrister, of Leeds and Pontefract, who since the death of Mr. McIntyre has been acting as Provisional Judge of No. 12 County Court Circuit, has been appointed Permanent Judge of the circuit by the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Cadman, who is also Recorder of Pontefract, was called to the Bar in 1864.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

A correspondent writing from Chatham, Ontario, Canada, says: "In your 'Jottings' for Sept. 21 I find the following remarks in reference to beech-trees and lightning: 'It would be interesting to learn if anyone can affirm, from observation, or on other equally reliable evidence, that a beech-tree has been struck.' To this question I believe I am one of the very few who can answer in the affirmative. From my earliest recollection I have always heard it said that they never were struck, and since then I have found it to be a universally expressed belief in all parts of North America in which the beech is found. But about twenty years ago, when I was over twenty years of age, I found a beech-tree which had undoubtedly been struck. The tree was over a foot in diameter near the base, it was perfectly sound, but had a strip on one side, about four to five inches in width, and two to three inches in thickness along the centre, which was separated from the body of the tree for about thirty feet or more, but was attached to the tree at each end. The upper end was among the limbs, the lower at the root. I was so surprised to find this on a beech that I called to a couple of men who were at a distance to come and see it. They came, and at once decided, as I had, that it was done by lightning, as no other known power could have produced this effect. Since then I have travelled through many forests containing beeches, from the most southern limits of their growth in the United States to the most northern in Canada, but have never seen or heard of another which bore any evidence of the effects of lightning. The tree stood in the native forest on a farm in the township of Southwold, county of Elgin, province of Ontario, Canada. It belonged to an old gentleman named Sutherland, who had been a Sergeant in the 42nd Highlanders under Wellington in Spain. I have often seen this question asked, and have as often felt I should like to answer it, but have never done so before."

As I have already remarked, the question whether beech-trees are ever struck by lightning must be answered decidedly in the affirmative; and my correspondent only adds another instance to the confusion of the popular belief regarding the immunity of these trees from the electric stroke.

I observe that M. Giard has been making some fresh observations on the phosphorescent appearance of *Talitrus* (the sand-hopper) and other crustacea. On examining microscopically a brightly phosphorescent sandhopper he found walking slowly on the beach (instead of leaping like its companions), he traced the light to bacteria, or germs, in its muscles, which were greatly altered. He inoculated other individuals (both *Talitrus* and *Orchestia*) with blood containing these germs, and produced the disease with entire success. The laboratory cellar had quite a "fairy-like" aspect in the evening. The inoculations were continued to the sixth (luminous) generation, without weakening, apparently, of the action of the germs. The disease follows a regular course; and the animal dies in three or four days, the phosphorescence lingering some hours after death. M. Giard also inoculated crabs successfully. It is something new to think of phosphorescence, or the light-giving property, as a disease; yet we know that animal tissues in a state of decay are wont to illustrate this peculiarity. May it not result that the phosphorescence M. Giard observed is simply a species of blood-poisoning?

Among the papers read at the recent meeting of the British Association was one by Mr. A. J. Cook on the digestive system of the bee. This paper was a singularly interesting record of the author's personal observations on that subject. He differed, he said, widely in many particulars from the author of the article on the anatomy of the bee in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," especially as regards the conformation of the tongue. This organ, Mr. Cook strongly maintained, was a hollow cylinder furnished on the under side with a slit throughout its entire length. He asserted that suction could be performed in three ways: (1) through the end aperture of the internal tube, when the nectar could be reached only by the end of the tongue; (2) through the slit opening into this tube, when the fluid to be sucked in was shallow and placed on a flat surface; (3) by the aid of the labial palpi (or feelers of the lower lip), when the fluid was abundant. The author also expressed his incredulity as to the possibility of a trustworthy analysis of honey, arguing that in many cases more nectar was taken into the honey-stomach by the bee than the glands had time or secretion sufficient to digest. Especially, he thought, did this happen when the linden was in bloom, when a single hive of bees would sometimes store up fifteen pounds of honey in the day. The queen bees and the drones, he held, were fed with digested food only, and to this fact he traced the extraordinary fecundity of the queen bee. Nutrition has much to do, as Mr. Cook suggests, with the welfare of the bee-species. We know that an ordinary neuter bee—i.e., an undeveloped female—may be converted into a queen by means of appropriate food. Hence the study of the bees leads us towards the solution of many problems in higher life in which the food plays an important part. Mr. Cook's observations are interesting, even if regarded from the point of view of the insect-world alone. They teach us how much we have yet to learn regarding the habits and structure of even the most familiar insects.

Professor G. B. Goode has been discoursing on the speed of fishes. It is a much more difficult task to estimate the speed with which fishes swim than we might at first suppose. A fish will not swim straight on merely because the scientist wishes it to do so; hence we are largely left to conjecture and inference on this interesting point. The "racer" among fishes has a special build. Its head is small, and its fins closely set into its body. It is a trim-built animal, conical as to its general contour. The slower fishes are broad and Dutch-built, and their heads are large, while their fins are broad and projecting. It is certain that sharks will keep pace even with a steamer for days, while the dolphin is certainly not behind the shark as regards speed. The Spanish mackerel is credited with high swimming powers; indeed, the mackerel's body seems just the type of a fish which is built for a high rate of speed.

A correspondent asks me to give some references to the extremes of size in the animal world. Such questions are not so easy to answer as might be supposed; but, assuming the big whale, known as the norqual, to be 90 ft. or 100 ft. long, one may well place at the opposite extreme some of the monads whose length may be set down at about the 12,000th of an inch. A monad, it is true, may not be an animal. It may be a plant, or it may belong to that biological "No Man's Land" which some scientists think lies between the animal and plant worlds. The biggest trees are the Californian Sequoias or Wellingtonias, which rise above the soil to a height of 330 ft. or more, while a yeast plant measures in diameter about the 1000th of an inch. These extremes of size may possibly suffice to show how varied life is in its development in this respect, as in details of form and colour. ANDREW WILSON.

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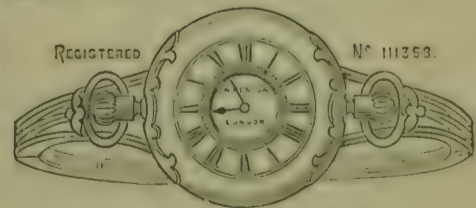
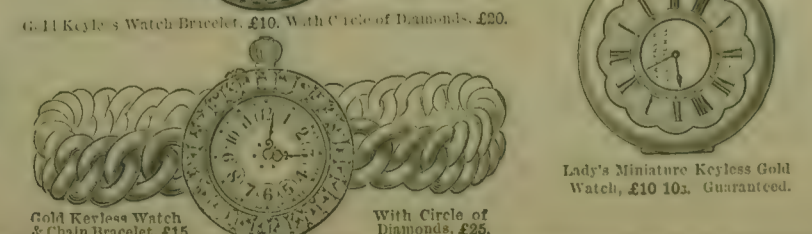
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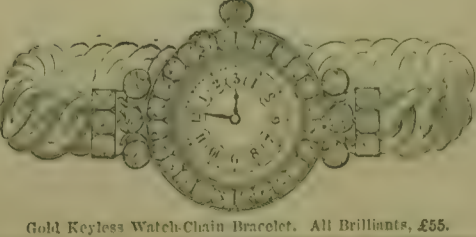
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New Illustrated CATALOGUE OF NOVELTIES, POST-FREE.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It is sad to see in the document issued by the promoters of the East-End Working Women's Trades Unions a sentence such as the following: "The only thing necessary to improve the condition of the labourers is combination." It is sad, because such a blindness to the true causes of poverty indicates that no help can be expected in making matters better in the only ways that are really possible. There are plenty of professed short cuts to the abolition of poverty; but they lead only to the quagmires of deeper misery or to the no-thoroughfares of absolute ineffectiveness. It is easy to gain a temporary popularity by standing at the end of one of these delusive paths and shouting that you have discovered that it leads to prosperity and plenty for everybody. But those whose care for their poorer fellow-creatures is real will look carefully at the plan of the proposed road, and will not share in the outcry to direct human effort toward ways that can only end in disappointment.

Undoubtedly, combination can do much to benefit persons who are in possession of a skilled employment that cannot be followed without a certain amount of training. A trade which can be immediately learned by anybody in possession of the humblest and most ordinary share of human capacity, on the other hand, has always, owing to the pressure of population on the means of subsistence, more people seeking employment in it than can possibly be engaged; and hence "combination" among the workers in it is useless—or, rather, impossible. If all the women at the present moment engaged in such wretched work as, for instance, box-making, or the easiest kinds of hand needlework, should "combine," and then strike, their places could be filled to a large extent at once, and completely in a few months, from among others who are on the same plane of intelligence and ability, and who are existing on casual employment. There is always competing for such unskilled work a much larger quantity of labour than can be regularly employed. Even in the depths of the worst-paid toil there are grades, and only the more fortunate (which is much the same thing as the more capable) have regularly as much work as they can do. All around them is the fringe of casual labourers, eager to catch at any temporary means of earning a shilling. In such a case wages are sure to sink to not much above starvation point. The crowd competing for the tasks that anybody can do is, in the nature of the case, reduced to somewhere near the lowest wages on which it is possible for a human being to exist.

Those wages, too, are sure to sink to the point at which a single person can be supported; and then they are miserably insufficient to support a family. The typical tragical cases of distress are those in which widows are found trying to fill one or more little but hungry mouths besides the mother's own out of the wages which can only support one person tolerably. Others are the cases of aged people, whose eyes and whose hands have lost much of the quickness of youth, and who are still working for daily bread in competition with the greater activity of younger persons. These cases are intensely sad. Charity should meet them; combination cannot do anything at all for them. Combination can never make the wages which suffice to engage the services in unskilled labour of single girls, of married women aiding their husband's earnings, and even, as in box-making, of children of seven years of age, large enough wages to support a family entirely, or to allow the labours of the half-spent strength of the aged to earn a sufficient maintenance.

It is cases such as these that imperatively demand, as a matter of religious and social duty, the wise charity of the rich. To give to the widowed mother, to the sickly and infirm, and to the aged and helpless, is a different matter from indiscriminate and general charity. The latter, like a "rate in aid of wages," only reduces wages in the long run. But help in exceptional emergencies is the bounden duty which those who have wealth and live in wasteful luxury owe to their poorer fellow-creatures.

For skill, even if only moderate, combined with industry and a fair degree of health and strength, there is plenty of work and a fair wage always to be had. It is so in the very class of employments where the shallow philanthropists and self-advertising almoners of charity would have us believe that only starvation wages are to be earned. One of the greatest clothing manufacturers of the City of London, Messrs. Stapley and Smith, once allowed me to inspect the pay-books of the women machinists working on their premises. There were about eighty girls, all doing precisely the same sort of work, on precisely the same machines. Yet a few of those women earned only ten or twelve shillings a week, while the majority earned fifteen to eighteen shillings; and one excellent worker's wages, as shown by her book, never fell below a pound, and sometimes amounted to twenty-four shillings in the week. Skill and industry made all that difference. Materfamilias, again, when she has "a person in by the day" to do the family mending and simple making of linen and school-frocks, knows that she must pay at least fifteen shillings a week and find all the board and fluid refreshment of "the person" in addition, if she wants to get the services of a woman who will be worth the trouble of having her in the house. And then there are our domestic servants—how small a modicum of skill and industry suffices to earn those damsel's wages and board that, all told, amount to the value of twenty to thirty shillings a week! Even the humble charwoman, coming in to do the tasks which the housemaid and the cook find beneath their dignity, gets half a crown a day and three square meals which are worth at least eightpence. Yes! there is an abundant market for skill, industry, and health, even in limited quantities.

Better education, both at the elementary school and at technical schools later on (when is that domestic technical school for mistresses and maids alike, for which I have been pleading for years, going to be established?), better training of parents in their duty towards their children, including the duty of not giving the doubtful boon of life to large families whom they have no prospect of feeding and training, a more complete enforcement of the laws which should compel drunken and idle parents to labour for their offspring, a stringent application of the laws condemning unsanitary old houses, and probably better Poor-Law arrangements for the honest aged labourers, and a great increase of either State or voluntary provident society arrangements—these are all practical methods in which to approach the great problem of poverty and under-payment. There is and always will be abundant need for the efforts of private charity among the unfortunate. But neither charity nor combination can help the mass of the most miserable labourers, except by the slow but sure method of raising as many as possible of them to a higher plane of skill and industry.

I am interested to see that one very good extract of beef, "Bovril," has taken up my suggestion, and advertises the proprietors' willingness to pay £1000 if anything but sound beef is used in preparing the extract in question.—The

Countess of Aberdeen, one of the most gracious and benevolent women of the day, has had threatenings of brain fever, which are happily passing over.—Mr. Stacey Marks, R.A., in his interesting and amusing introduction to the catalogue of his yet more amusing exhibition of pictures of birds, just opened at the Fine Art Society's rooms, graciously declares that "next to a woman, a bird is the loveliest thing in creation."—Madame Nordica, who is going to shortly appear in America for the first time since she left there ten years ago, when still a girl student, is having a complete new wardrobe made by Worth, in Paris.—It used to be said that patients would refuse to go to a hospital where lady students were admitted. Dr. Finlay, Surgeon to the Leith Hospital, at which the lady students from Edinburgh attend, says that this idea is disproved by the experience there, the patients having largely increased since the admission of the students. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

## FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

On Oct. 23, in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, Captain the Hon. James Douglas M'Garel-Hogg, 1st Life Guards, eldest son of Lord Magheramorne, was married to Lady Evelyn Harriet Ashley, second daughter of the eighth and sister of the present Earl of Shaftesbury. Captain Homfray, 1st Life Guards, was the best man, and the bridegroom's troop lined the aisle during the ceremony. The bridesmaids were the Ladies Mildred, Violet, and Maud Ashley, sisters of the bride; Hon. Alice and Hon. Hilda Douglas-Pennant, cousins; and Miss Muriel Saumarez, niece of the bridegroom; Lady Mary Agar, Lady Gertrude Molyneux, and Lady Mary Lygon. The Hon. Richard Stanhope, cousin of the bride, acted as page. The bride wore a dress with long square train of white silk, brocaded with a design of ferns and grasses in satin. The bodice, made with a high collar and tight plain sleeves, had a jabot and ruffles of old lace, orange-blossom being fastened into the folds of falling lace. The veil of white tulle was worn over a tiny wreath of orange-blossom, and was clasped with diamond stars. The eight bridesmaids were in white cashmere, the bodices being bordered at cuffs, collar, and down the front with the curly silken fur of the white angora goat. The hats, of dark ruby velvet, were rather high in crown with narrow brims, and were trimmed with silk and ostrich-feather tips of the same warm hue. The bridesmaids carried bouquets of red, yellow, and white rosebuds, mingled with rose foliage and brown grasses, and wore in the fur at their necks the little ruby and diamond lace brooches which formed the bridegroom's present.

At Marylebone parish church, on Oct. 24, the marriage took place of Mr. Ernest Stobart Inman, eldest son of the late Mr. William Inman, pioneer of the Inman line of steamers, and Miss Rose Foster, only daughter of the late Mr. Edward Foster, of Chester-terrace, Regent's Park.

At the parish church of Paddington, on the same day, the marriage took place of Mr. A. Noce Morley, of Portman-street, and Miss Jessie M. J. Ford, daughter of Mrs. Ford, of Sussex-square. The bride was given away by Mr. W. Ford, her brother. The best man was Mr. W. Morley, brother of the bridegroom. There were four bridesmaids—Miss Ford, sister of the bride; Miss Morley, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Marriott and Miss Theobald, cousins of the bride.

At St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on Oct. 26, Mr. Augustus G. Crowder, of Portland-place, was married to Miss Louisa Isabella Law, daughter of the late Hon. Henry Spencer Law. The bride was given away by her brother, Captain Edward Downes Law, R.N.

# SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES.

The Best and Surest Remedy for Diseases of the THROAT, CHEST, LUNGS, and STOMACH.

EXTRACT IN FACSIMILE FROM THE TESTIMONIAL RECEIVED FROM SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

*I regard them as extremely valuable in Obstructed Catarrhal affections of the Throat. They are especially beneficial in catarrhal diseases of the air-passages, and I have frequently found them of great service in the case of singers and public speakers.*  
2 September 1887  
Morell Mackenzie  
Esq. Lond.

The ONLY Remedy which has been awarded the HIGHEST POSSIBLE DISTINCTION by the JURY of MEDICAL EXPERTS at the



TRADE-MARK.

BRUSSELS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1888.

TRADE-MARK.



A FIRST-CLASS HOUSEHOLD REMEDY gained from the salts of the Medicinal Springs of Bath Soden in the Taunus. They are Nature's own Medicine, not to be imitated by any production of Pharmacy or the Laboratory. They contain neither poisonous drugs nor anodynes injurious to the constitution, and may therefore (to cite the words written by the celebrated Professor Justus von Liebig about the Soden Waters) be prescribed by the Physician as a Remedy fit for every organisation, the weak and the irritable as well as the strongest. Dr. HERMANN WEBER, Physician to the German Hospital, London, in his work on the curative effects of Baths and Waters, particularly recommends the Soden Medicinal Waters, which are condensed in these Pastilles, in Cases of Bronchial Catarrh, even in those which are complicated with commencing consumption.

## THROAT IRRITATION AND HOARSENESS.

"453, Brixton-road, S.W.,  
Nov. 9, 1887.

"Gentlemen.—I have tried the Soden Mineral Pastilles in a case of Chronic Catarrh of the pharynx and larger respiratory tubes in an old lady with much benefit. I have also ordered them at the Brixton Dispensary.

"I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,  
"T. PRESTON LEWIS, M.D., M.R.C.S."

"4, Ludgate-circus-buildings, London,  
Dec. 31, 1887

"Dear Sir,—As one who has undergone the operation of tracheotomy, allow me to bear testimony to the value of the Soden Mineral Pastilles, as they have given me wonderful relief. My advice, as one who has suffered with the throat a great deal, to those in any way so affected, is to give them a trial without delay.

"Yours truly, J. HILL."

From THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP RICHARDSON.

"I have tried the Soden Mineral Pastilles which you have sent me, and find them excellent. Most clergymen would find their pulpit work aided by the use of your lozenges, which clear the voice most remarkably."

Dec. 26, 1887.

## BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.

"7, Lillybank-gardens, Hill Head, Glasgow.  
"Dear Sir,—I have used the box of Soden Pastilles you sent me some time ago, and am favourably impressed with the result. The case was one of Chronic Bronchitis in an aged patient. There was a marked effect in assisting the solution of the cough expectoration. They seem also to have a generally tonic effect, my patient remarking on the assistance to digestion which they afforded.

"Yours truly (Signed), ALEX. FREW."

"Rose Cottage, Statham, Melton Mowbray.  
"Gentlemen.—Your lozenges I received when I was suffering from Influenza, Bronchitis, and Asthma, and I have great pleasure in testifying of their great efficacy in the alleviation and removal of these troublesome affections. I shall have much pleasure in recommending them to my professional friends, as I have never had anything to relieve me so quickly.

"Yours faithfully,  
(Signed) "P. CLARK, Surgeon, &c.,  
"M.R.C.S., L.S.A., London."

"Jan. 18, 1888.

"Denby House, Bushey Park, Bristol,  
March 3, 1888.

"Proprietors of the Soden Pastilles.  
"Sir,—I have derived benefit from these Pastilles in the case of a severe attack of Bronchitis, and declare that I have never found such benefit from using only three boxes in any other Lozenge that I have tried.

"Your very faithful servant,  
(Signed) "HY. OSBORNE."

## COUGHS AND DIPHTHERIA.

"Wicklow, Ireland, Nov. 15, 1887.

"Dear Sirs,—Your Pastilles came to hand at the time I was suffering much, indeed, from chronic bronchitis and severe cough, a complaint I have had off and on for the last five years, and I feel great pleasure in stating that I found them excellent. I only used six of the Pastilles, and immediately found relief. For the future I shall certainly use none but these.—Very truly yours,

"ALLEN KEATING BOYCE, Esq. Surgeon-Major."

"Edwyn Ralph Rectory, Bromyard, Worcester.  
"Dear Sirs,—I have used with the greatest success the Soden Mineral Pastilles. My little boy, aged six and a half years, suffers much from swollen tonsils, which occasionally gives rise to a most distressing cough which is very exhausting. I found that your Pastilles gave him instantaneous relief.—I am, faithfully yours,  
Dec. 24, 1887. (Signed) "E. L. CHILDE-FREEMAN."

"Abercainry, Crief, N.B.,  
Jan. 30, 1888.

"Dear Sir,—I have had four years' suffering from bronchial affection, with troublesome cough, and from what I have already experienced of the box which I had a week ago, I have a great idea that I shall benefit very much from them.—Yours truly,  
(Signed) "F. HARDIE."

## CATARRHS OF THE LUNGS AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

"3, Weatherby Gardens, South Kensington,  
March 22, 1888.

LORD KEANE has taken the Soden Mineral Pastilles when suffering from Catarrh of the Stomach. They completely cured him, and he can recommend them as the best Lozenge for Coughs, Bronchitis, and Catarrh of the Stomach."

"16, Iron Market, Newcastle, Staffs.,  
Dec. 30, 1887.  
"Gentlemen.—My lungs being affected, and being under Dr. Hutton, he asked me to try some of your Pastilles, which I have done, and am pleased to inform you that I have found great relief from the few I have taken.

"Yours respectfully,  
(Signed) "JOHN MEENEY."

"18, Hampton-street, Birmingham,  
March 26, 1888.

"Gentlemen.—Having purchased your Soden Pastilles I at once obtained relief from a very serious catarrh. I also gave part of one dissolved in water to my child, three months old, allaying a very troublesome cough, and giving it ease and comfort. I shall most strongly recommend them to all my friends.

"Yours very faithfully,  
(Signed) "J. C. WHATELEY, D.D.S."

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES are doubly valuable, inasmuch as they produce simultaneously the most favoured effect on the organs of digestion. In catarrh of the stomach, hemorrhoids, and habitual constipation they cause the healing and restoration of the diseased organs by reason of their exceedingly mild action.

NOTICE.—We have had repeated complaints that unscrupulous traders have tried to palm on their customers the wrong article. Insist on getting the genuine article, called the SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES. Take no other. See each box has Dr. W. Stoeltzing's signature and our trade mark (two globes, cross, and crescent). Price 1s. 1½d., or for 15 Stamps, of Soden Mineral Produce Company, Limited, 52, Bread-street, London, E.O.

# SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES.

# VAN HOUTEN'S PURE Soluble BEST AND GOES FARTHEST. COCOA

EASILY DIGESTED.—MADE INSTANTLY.

**LANCET.**—"Delicate aroma."—"PURE and unmixed."  
**BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.**—"It is admirable."—"Flavour is perfect" and "so PURE."  
**HEALTH.**—"PURITY is beyond question."  
 "ONCE USED, ALWAYS USED."

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WHITE & MODERN CUT  
 MOUNTED from £5. to £5,000.  
 18 NEW BOND ST., W. LONDON.

This Jewellery Business was established in the City in the reign of King George the Third.

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This is exact copy of The "MERRITT'S" work. It is equal to that of any High Priced Type-writer. Relieves fatigue from steady use of pen. Improves spelling and punctuation. Interests and instructs children. The entire correspondence of a business house can be done with it. Learned in a half hour from directions. Prints capitals, small letters, figures and characters, 78 in all. Price £3.3.0. complete. Address—RICHARDS, TERRY & Co. Limited, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

## WILD ROSE POT-POURRI.



This preparation is made from the petals of Wild Roses which grow luxuriantly in Maine, U.S.A., during the month of June. These, combined with a choice mixture of Oriental Perfumes imported expressly for this purpose, produce a Pot-Pourri which will remain fragrant for years. May be obtained of all the leading Glass and China Dealers in the United Kingdom, or of STONIER & CO., Liverpool, 25, 61, per Box, carriage free.



**"THE STUART" POT-POURRI JAR,**  
 Specially Manufactured for STONIER & CO., by the  
 WORCESTER ROYAL PORCELAIN CO.

Height.	Richly Decorated with Gold.	Bronze and Gold Spray.	Painted Coloured Gold.	Coloured and Gold.
No. 1. 13 in.	£9 0 0	£6 0 0	£6 0 0	£3 15 0
" 2. 10 in.	£7 0 0	£4 10 0	£4 12 6	£3 3 0
" 3. 8 in.	£4 15 0	£3 7 6	£3 10 0	£2 2 0
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"We call attention to the excellence of the goods produced by Messrs. Chapman and Co. This firm adapts itself specially to the rapidly growing class of customers who wish to dress well and tastefully with a small outlay."

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"Messrs. Chapman and Co. have an unlimited assortment of everything that is tempting in price, thoroughly useful, and at the same time smart."

**BEST IN VALUE. IN CHOICE. IN TASTE.**

### LADIES!

Write for Patterns and Compare.

### BLACK SPECIALITE SILKS.

(GUARANTEED TO WEAR.)

18 yds. Best Lyons Gros Grain for 45/-, usually sold at 3 3/4 yd. 18 yds. Rich Fallie Francaise for 63/- worth 4/11 per yard. 18 yds. Superior Satin Merv for 45/-, usual price 3 3/4 per yard.

### THE PERFECTION OF SILK.

(C. J. BONNET ET CIE.) 4/11, 5/11, 6/11 per yard.

### PONGEE SILKS.

1/01, 1/03, 1/05, 1/11, 2/6 per yard. New Art Shades for Evening Wear.

### MY QUEEN VEL-VEL.

In lovely Art Shades. 24-inch, 2 1/4 per yard.

### FRENCH CASHMERES.

We have been specially noted for the past twenty years for our beautiful shades in French Cashmere. 45 inches wide, 1 1/4.

### FRENCH MERINOS.

The most fashionable and favourite colours. 45 inches wide, 1 1/4 per yard.

### ROYAL MARINE SERGES.

For Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children's wear made from pure wool. The wear of these celebrated serges is almost endless, and the dye is of a rich and permanent color. 48 inches wide, 1 1/4, 2/6, and 3/11 per yard.

### THE WONDERFUL (42-in.) CLOTH,

At 10/4 per yard.

### CHEVRON RAIES,

45 inches wide, 1 1/4 per yard.

### DRAP CORBEILLE,

41 inches wide, 2 1/4 per yard.

### THE BRAEMAR CLOTH!

A Novelty in Scotch Woollens! Artistic in Taste, Elegant in Effect. Warm in Substance, and Superior in Value are the characteristics of this latest addition to our beautiful assortment of New Winter Materials now on exhibition.

**NEW BORDERED MATERIALS, ENDLESS VARIETY.**  
 CHAPMAN & CO., COURT DRESSMAKERS. Sketches and Patterns Free. CHAPMAN & CO.



## CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMERS.

WITH NEW REGISTERED PANNIKIN.

By their peculiar construction—the glass chimney conducting and concentrating heat to the bottom of the water vessel—they give a larger amount of light and heat than can be obtained in any other lamp of the same class. Without smoke or smell.

### CLARKE'S NEW REGISTERED PANNIKIN.

By this invention any liquid food can be poured out or drunk without scum or grease passing through the spout, and prevents spilling when poured into a feeding-bottle, so unavoidable with all other Pannikins. The Pannikins will fit all the old "Pyramid" Nursery Lamps, and can be purchased separately.

### CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS and "FAIRY PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS

Are the best in the world, and the only suitable ones for burning in the above, and for lighting passages, lobbies, &c. Sold everywhere.

Price of Lamps, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.  
 If any difficulty in obtaining them, write to CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" and "FAIRY" LIGHT COMPANY, Limited, Cricklewood, London, N.W., for nearest Agent's address.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 23, 1884), with two codicils (dated Sept. 23, 1884, and April 13, 1889), of the Right Hon. Mary Woolley, Viscountess Combermere, widow of the late Field-Marshal the Right Hon. Stapleton Cotton, Viscount Combermere, G.C.B., late of No. 48, Belgrave-square, who died on Aug. 13, was proved on Oct. 22 by the Hon. Edward William Douglas and Hugh Lindsay Antrobus, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £85,000. The testatrix devises her farm and lands, Brown's Bank, Audlem, Cheshire, upon trust, for the Hon. Mrs. Meliora Emily Anna Maria Hunter, for life, and then to the person who shall be entitled to the title of Viscount Combermere. She bequeaths £8000, upon trust, for the said Mrs. Hunter, for life; at her death she gives £3000 thereof to the person who shall be Viscount Combermere, £1000 to be expended in repairing and embellishing Wrenbury Church, £2000 and the income thereof to be applied in repairing, restoring, and decorating St. Nicholas' Church, Brighton, and the remaining £2000 to the Hon. Richard Southwell George Stapleton Cotton; £2000 to erect a column in a field called Mount Pleasant, on the Combermere estate, in memory of her late husband; £500, upon trust, to expend the income in the purchase of bread, meat, and clothing, to be distributed in each year on Nov. 14, the anniversary of the birthday of her late husband, among the aged poor on the Combermere estate and the hamlets of Wrenbury, Acton, and Burleydam; £28,000 for the purpose of erecting an additional ward to the North Infirmary, Cork, to be called the Gibbings Ward; and very numerous pecuniary and specific legacies to her own and her late husband's relatives, executors, friends, and servants. Among the specific legacies are gifts from the Nawab of Bengal, Runjeet Singh, and the King of Oude. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to the Rev. Canon Richard Gibbings.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1880), with one codicil (dated Nov. 12, 1885), of Mr. Henry William Nevill, formerly of No. 14, Cranley-gardens, and late of Wellington House, Ramsgate, Welsh-bread manufacturer, who died on Aug. 18 last, was proved on Oct. 24 by Alfred Robinson, Frederick Alfred Macgregor Jennings, and Henry Brinley Richards, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £288,000. The testator appoints a sum of £11,800 Bank annuities in settlement to his four children—Robert Nevill, Mrs. Hannah Elizabeth Jennings, Mrs. Martha Louisa Richards, and Mrs. Emma Tuberville, in equal shares. He gives to his last-named daughter his house in Cranley-gardens, with all the books, plate, china, furniture, wines, and consumable stores and effects, and all his private carriages and horses. His freehold properties at Wanstead and Acton, and his leasehold properties at Bingley-street, Storey-street, Milkwood-road, and Heron-road, all used or occupied in connection with his business, together with the goodwill of his business and all fixtures, plant, machinery, stock-in-trade, horses, carts, waggons, utensils, and cash in hand and at his banker's to the credit of his business accounts, to his said son Robert, subject to his paying thereout the following annuities—viz., £1000 to each of his said three daughters, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Richards, and Mrs. Tuberville, for twenty years if they shall respectively so long live, and thereafter £500 each for the remainder of their lives; £150 to the children being bachelors or spinsters of his sister Mrs. David Nicoll; £300 each to his sisters Mrs. Trueman and Mrs. Wheeler; £600 to his cousin, Louisa Nevill; £250 each to his late wife's sister, Ann Emma Cottrell, and Lawrence Robert Cottrell; £300 to Miss Ward; and £100 to

Mrs. Norris. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said three daughters, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 11, 1866), with a codicil (dated June 14, 1884), of Mr. Thomas Dyson Hornby, J.P., D.L., formerly of Druid's Cross, Little Woolton, and late of Olive Mount, Wavertree, both near Liverpool, who died on July 31 last, was proved at the Liverpool District Registry on Oct. 7 by Henry Hugh Hornby and the Rev. Charles Edward Hornby, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £159,000. The testator devises his one-third share of the manor of Ingleton, Yorkshire, to his brother, Henry Hugh. All his plate, pictures, books, wines, furniture, effects, horses, and carriages he gives to his mother, but, if she shall predecease him, to his sister, Anne Mary Baldwin Hornby. He also gives to his said sister £7000. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two brothers, Henry Hugh and Charles Edward, as tenants in common.

The will (dated Sept. 13, 1884) of Mr. George Fitch, late of Highlands, Oakleigh Park, Whetstone, Middlesex, who died on Sept. 13 last, was proved on Oct. 19 by the Misses Ellen and Charlotte Fitch, the sisters, the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £45,000. The testator gives £50 each to the Asylum for Fatherless Children, Reedham; the Orphan Working School, Haverstock-hill; the Earlswood Idiots' Asylum; the Royal Hospital for Incurables, West-hill, Putney Heath; and the Boys' Refuges, No. 25, Queen-street; his household furniture and effects to his said two sisters; his freehold residence to his two sisters for their lives and the life of the survivor of them; annuities to the widow of his late brother, Alfred, and to his housekeeper; and £6000, upon trust, for his sister Emma Crowder, for life—then for his niece Mrs. Crowder (the daughter of his said sister), for her life, and then for his grandniece (the daughter of his said niece), for her life. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephews and nieces Alfred, Francis, Ellen, Rebekah, Charlotte, Howard, Walter, Ernest, and Aubrey, the children of his late brother Alfred, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 24, 1889) of Major Alexander George Dickson, M.P. for Dover, late of No. 3, Stratford-place, Oxford-street, who died on July 3 last, was proved on Oct. 23 by Charlotte Maria, Lady North, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his nurse May Margetts; £50 to his butler, Charles Hogben; £50 to Elizabeth Holmes, in the service of his wife; and £100 to his nurse Emma Allen. He appoints his wife residuary legatee.

The will (dated Aug. 7, 1879) of Mr. John Edmund Currey, late of Lismore, county Waterford, Ireland, who died on July 15 last, at No. 22, Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, was proved on Oct. 17 by Francis Edmund Currey, the brother, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £27,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 and all his pictures, books, plate, household goods, and furniture, horses, and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Louisa Jane Currey. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, and then to his children in equal shares. In default of children, he gives one moiety of the said residue to his brother Francis Edmund, and the other moiety is to be held upon trust for his sister Annabella, for life, and then for his said brother.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1886), with a codicil (dated Jan. 7, 1839), of the Hon. Edmund George Petre, late of No. 7, Token-house-yard, who died at Bantry, Ireland, was proved on Oct. 19

by the Hon. Mrs. Marianne Jane Petre, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. Provision is made for his daughter, Rosamund, Countess of Bantry, by her marriage settlement, and also by appointments under the marriage contracts of testator and his wife, and by his will he gives her an additional £3000. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife, for life, or as she shall appoint, and subject thereto to his son, Francis Loraine Petre, who is also provided for under the marriage contracts of his parents.

The will (dated July 26, 1889) of Mr. Thomas Chatwin, late of The Vale, Edgbaston, in the county of Warwick, machinist, who died on Sept. 5 last, was proved on Oct. 17 by Alfred Chatwin and James Chatwin, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator bequeaths £250, an annuity of £600, and the use, for life, of the furniture, plate, and effects at his residence, and one horse and carriage, to his wife; £3000 to his son Albert; £1000 each to his daughters, Emma Cartwright and Amina Chatwin; £3000, upon trust, for his said daughter Amina; and £3000, upon trust, for his son Walter. The residue of his real and personal estate, including the goodwill, plant, stock-in-trade, &c., of his business, he gives to his three sons, Alfred, James, and Thomas; but the last-named is to pay £2000 to his brother Alfred, and £1000 to his brother James.

The will of Mr. John Hatfield, J.P., late of Thorp Arch Hall, near Tadcaster, Yorkshire, who died on July 5 last, was proved on Oct. 16 by Charles Herbert Currey and Francis Alfred Currey, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to nearly £5000.

We are gratified to hear that printers' "readers"—a hard-working, intelligent class of men, hitherto sadly neglected by the benevolent public—have (as we learn from the *City Press*) now been considered by a warm-hearted friend of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Corporation—viz. the Rev. F. A. Jacox. This gentleman has remitted to the Council of the Corporation £2066, which will be sufficient to provide for the establishment of three pensions for aged and indigent readers.

The Colchester oyster feast, which is of very ancient origin, took place on Oct. 25 under the presidency of the Mayor, Mr. E. Sanders, who entertained about 400 guests. Ten thousand Colchester oysters were consumed on the occasion. Special interest attached to the entertainment from the fact that Colchester is celebrating this year the 700th anniversary of the Royal confirmation of its prescriptive rights and privileges. The guests included the Bishop of Colchester, Lord Brooke, M.P., Mr. Causton, M.P., and General Buchanan, C.B.

The gardens of the Zoological Society have received, besides the birds illustrated on another page, an interesting addition to their collection. The animal is a specimen of the well-known gaur, or bison of Indian sportsmen (*Bos gaurus*), and it is probably the first of the species ever brought to Europe alive. Many attempts have been made from time to time to obtain living specimens of this animal, but hitherto without success. The full-grown male is known to attain the height of eighteen hands, and his strength is said to be enormous. The animal added to the collection in the gardens is a young bull, probably not two years old. It has been presented to the society by Sir Cecil C. Smith, K.C.M.G., Governor of the Straits Settlements, Singapore, who received it from the Sultan of Pahang. It was brought to England by Captain Horne.

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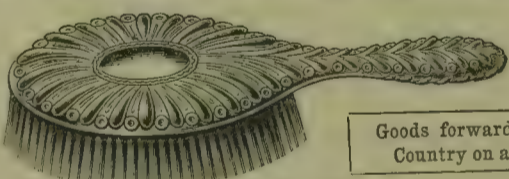
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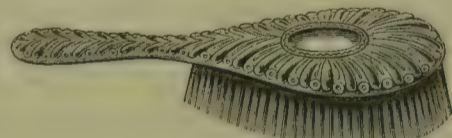
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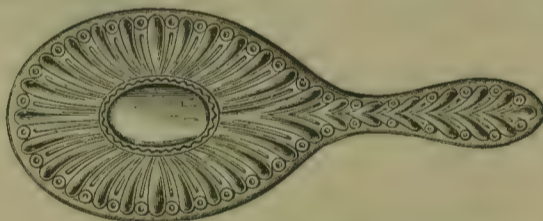
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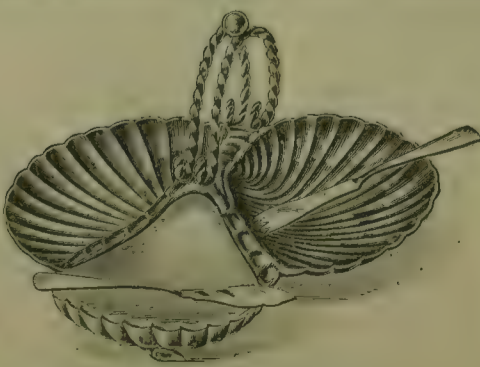
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## MUSIC.

One of the most important events of our musical year—the resumption of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall—took place on Oct. 28, when these excellent performances entered on their thirty-second season. The programme included a string quartet by Antonin Dvorák, Op. 80—one of his latest works—its first performance here. It had, however, been previously given at recent London concerts, and commented on in reference thereto. As previously remarked, the quartet contains much effective writing that is very characteristic of its composer. Again, the movement, "Andante con moto," pleased most. The work was led by Madame Néruda (Lady Hallé), in association with MM. Ries, Straus, and Piatti. Madame Haas was the pianist of the evening, the solos set down for her having been a rhapsody by Brahms and a nocturne by Chopin. In the closing piece of the programme—Chopin's Introduction and Polonaise for pianoforte and violoncello—the same accomplished pianist was associated with Signor Piatti. The instrumental programme was completed by Rüst's sonata in D minor, for violin, assigned to Madame Néruda. Vocal solos were contributed by Miss Liza Lehmann, Mr. Frantzen having been the accompanist of the evening. The Saturday afternoon performances associated with the Monday Popular Concerts begin on Nov. 2.

The second of Señor Sarasate's three farewell concerts at St. James's Hall—previous to his departure for America—took place on Oct. 26, when the great Spanish violinist was heard in pieces of different styles and character. Among them was Dr. Mackenzie's "Pibroch," a work composed expressly for the recent Leeds Festival, and for Señor Sarasate, by whom it was performed there. On its repetition by him at St. James's Hall it again pleased greatly, especially the opening "Rhapsody"; the very difficult variations in the "Caprice," and the final "Dance" having also notably displayed the powers of the executant, which were successfully manifested in Raff's "Suite" and an "air varié" of the violinist's own composition. A full orchestra, conducted by Mr. W. G. Cousins, contributed to the programme of the day, a prelude and fugue by Bach, arranged (with an interpolated chorale) by Abert, having been among the selection.

At the second of the new series of Saturday afternoon con-

certs at the Crystal Palace, on Oct. 26, a symphony by Dr. Bernhard Scholz was brought forward, for the first time there. The composer was born at Mayence in 1835. He very early evinced a talent for music, and gained celebrity as a teacher and a conductor, and subsequently as a pianist, and by numerous compositions in the higher forms of the art. Dr. Scholz has succeeded the late Joachim Raff as Principal of the Frankfort Conservatoire of Music. His symphony consists of four divisions, in each of which musicianly scholarship and a knowledge of orchestral effect are manifested. The first allegro, the scherzo, and the finale were the most effective movements. The concert now referred to included the first appearance at the Crystal Palace of Señor Albeniz, the accomplished Spanish pianist who has recently gained celebrity in London by his skilful performances. His merits were displayed at the Crystal Palace in his rendering of Schumann's Concerto, and smaller solo pieces of the pianist's own composition. Mdle. Gambogi was the vocalist of the day. Other features call for no specification.

The Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre have continued a successful career in the prolongation of the series, the termination of which is announced for Nov. 4. A recent classical night included effective orchestral performances of Weber's overture to "Oberon," Beethoven's seventh symphony, the "Danse des Sylphes" from Berlioz's "Faust" music, and Gounod's "Saltarello." Madame Roger-Miclos gave a brilliant rendering of Liszt's "Fantasie Hongroise" for the pianoforte (with orchestra), and Mr. E. Howell's fine tone and cultivated style were successfully displayed in a pleasing "Abendlied" for the violoncello, composed by Mrs. Kate Ralph. Vocal pieces were contributed by Miss L. Hill, Mdle. Tremelli, and Mr. H. Stubbs.

Her Majesty's Theatre will now be occupied with preparations for the pantomime to be produced at Christmas. The Promenade Concerts which have been given in the Haymarket opera-house since our last reference thereto have included performances of the orchestral "Suite" and waltz for which prizes—respectively of £50 and £10—were offered by the management. The judges were Dr. Mackenzie, Mr. Randegger, Mr. A. Cellier, Mr. I. Caryll, and Signor Bevignani, the conductor of the concerts. The successful competitors

were Mr. F. Dunkley, composer of the "Suite," and Mr. E. Seymour, who produced the waltz. The first-named work is by a youthful pupil of the Royal College of Music, whose success will probably stimulate him to further and better efforts. His "Suite" had the great advantage of an excellent performance by the band. The waltz is tuneful, but noisy, the co-operation of a military band in the score having been a condition of the competition. The closing concert of the series at the Haymarket opera-house took place on Oct. 26.

The Royal Choral Society announced the commencement of its nineteenth season, at the Albert Hall, on Oct. 30, with a performance of Berlioz's "Faust" music, directed by Mr. Barnby, who has been the conductor since the establishment of the society. Madame Albani was engaged to render the music of Marguerite; it being the last appearance of the prima donna previous to her departure for America.

The Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross held his annual visitation of the clergy of the united diocese on Oct. 22 in the cathedral.

Professor Knight, of St. Andrew's University, Edinburgh, gave a lecture on Oct. 26, at the Mary Datchelor Girls' School, Camberwell. It formed part of a series of addresses dealing with the higher education of woman, Miss Hughes, Principal of the Cambridge Training College for Teachers, having been the previous lecturer. Professor Knight reminded his hearers that to the Saxons is owing the respect which grew into that chivalrous devotion to woman which has been the parent of so much that is noble in man. He traced the progress of female education in both England and America, and showed how the latter country led the movement. Georgia College, founded in 1839, was the first in the world for the exclusive education of women. The lecturer then answered some of the objections which have been raised against the higher culture of women, and pointed out that prejudice against it still lingers, in spite of the fact that experience has shown it is for the benefit of the race and fraught with great good to all. In conclusion, he advocated university training for girls as the best preparation for the work of after-life and for their position as the future mothers of the race.

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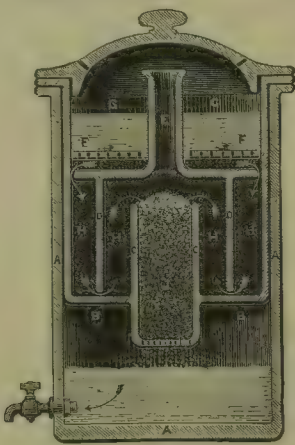
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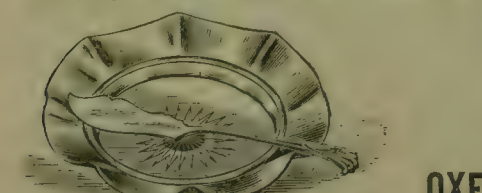
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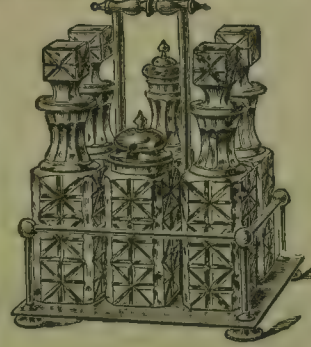
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## THE COURT.

According to present arrangements the Queen is expected to leave Balmoral about Nov. 13, for Windsor Castle. On Oct. 23 her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice, drove to Birkhall, and honoured Lady Biddulph with a visit. The ex-Empress Eugénie dined with the Queen and the Royal family. Madame d'Arcois (in attendance on the Empress), Mrs. Edmund Vaughan, and the Duke of Rutland were included in the Royal dinner party. Mlle. Janotha had the honour of playing before the Queen, the Empress, and the Royal family in the evening. On the 26th the ex-Empress Eugénie and the Duke of Rutland again dined with the Queen. Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, the 27th, by the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, B.D., minister of Maxwell parish, Glasgow, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and her Majesty's household. In the afternoon her Majesty drove with Princess Beatrice to Aberfeldie, and visited the ex-Empress Eugénie. The Rev. W. W. Tulloch had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The ex-Empress Eugénie left Aberfeldie on Oct. 28 and proceeded by the Queen's Messenger train from Ballater for London.

The marriage of Prince Francis de Hatzfeldt Wildenburg, son of Prince Alfred de Hatzfeldt Wildenburg, hereditary member of the German House of Peers, and Miss Clara Elizabeth Huntington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Collis P. Huntington, of New York, took place at the Brompton Oratory on

Oct. 28. The service was conducted by the Bishop of Emmaus and of St. Mary's, Westminster, assisted by the clergy of the Oratory. The bride was given away by her father, the Prince being attended by his cousin, Count Hatzfeldt's son, and Prince Hohenlohe as groomsmen. The reception was given at the German Embassy, Carlton House-terrace, only immediate relatives and particular personal friends being present.—Colonel Charles Wynne Finch was married on Oct. 29 in St. Mark's Church, North Audley-street, to Maud Emily, younger daughter of Lady Margaret Charteris and the late Hon. Richard Charteris. Major Seymour Wynne Finch acted as best man to his brother; and the bridesmaids were Lady Eva Greville, Lady Maud Ashley, Lady Margaret Herbert, Miss Helen Wynne Finch, Miss Fletcher, and Miss Godley. Mr. R. B. Charteris gave his sister away.—On the same day Mr. Francis Judd, of Rickling, was wedded at St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, to Ellen, Lady St. John, widow of the fifteenth Lord St. John of Bletsoe. The bride was given away by her mother, Mrs. Senior.

The Law Courts were reopened for the Michaelmas sittings on Oct. 24, and will remain open until Saturday, Dec. 21. During the sittings the business in all the divisions of the Supreme Court will be carried on uninterruptedly, except in the Queen's Bench Division, where, in consequence of several of the Judges having to attend the autumn assizes, the hearing of the various causes will be interfered with.—The Parnell Commission, which adjourned thirteen weeks since, resumed

its sittings. Mr. Biggar, M.P., made a speech, in which he said that the Attorney-General had utterly failed to connect any of the persons charged before the Commission with any of the crimes or outrages proved; and Mr. Michael Davitt began a lengthened defence of himself and the Irish.

The ceremony of conferring degrees in the Royal University of Ireland took place on Oct. 28 in the great hall of the University, Earlsfort-terrace, Dublin. There was a large attendance of members of the Senate, professors, students, and visitors, who included a large number of ladies. The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava took his place for the first time as Chancellor of the University. His Lordship complimented Miss Annie Patterson, a Bachelor of Arts, on attaining the degree of Doctor of Music, and he conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on Miss Letitia Alice Wilkinson. He has himself given a gold medal for annual competition.

On Sunday, Oct. 27, the service in connection with the opening of the second congress of the National Association for the Advancement of Art and its Application to Industry was delivered in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, by the Rev. Professor Flint. The Lord Provost, members of the Town Council, and other officers attended in their civic robes.—Next day the Marquis of Lorne, President of the Association, delivered in Queen-street Hall, Edinburgh, the inaugural address to the members of the association on the occasion of the holding of the second congress. There was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen.

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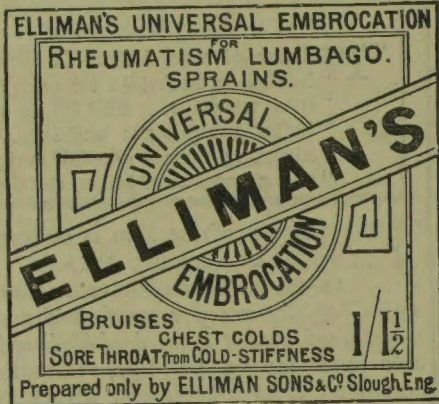
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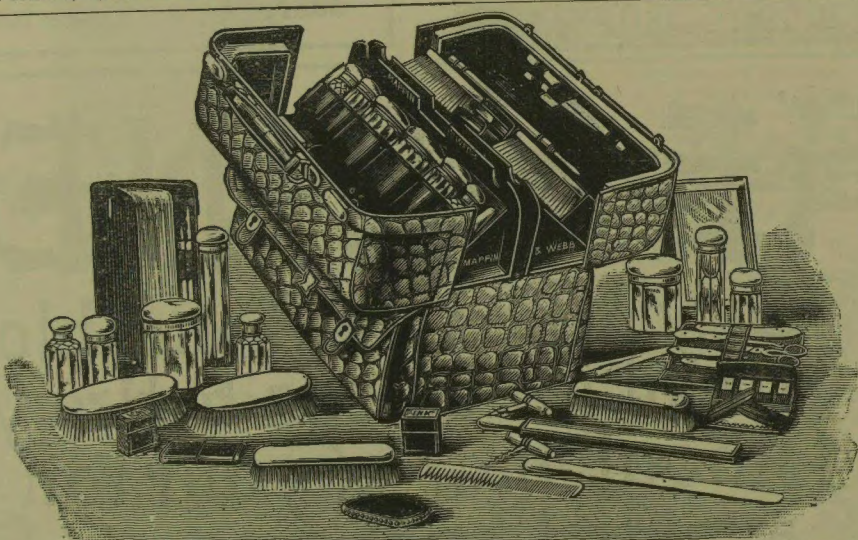
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A BARRISTER'S OPINION

On an Important Matter of Public Interest.

F. ARTHUR SIBLY, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, M.A., LL.M. (Cantab), writing from Haywardsfield, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, says:—

"Dear Sir,—I have only been waiting until my complete recovery to give a testimony to the wonderful effect of your Electropathic Belt treatment. When I first consulted you, three years ago, I had almost resigned hope of being anything but a complete invalid all my life. At that time my vital energy was so low that I was quite incapacitated for work of any kind. From the time I put myself into your hands my improvement was rapid. I have now regained all the vigour both of body and of mind, and am completely restored to health.—Yours faithfully,

"F. ARTHUR SIBLY, M.A., LL.M.

"To C. B. Harness, Esq., The Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W."

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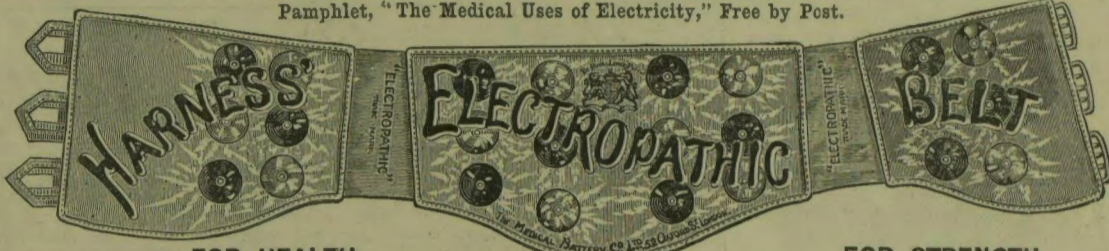
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DEBILITY.—WILLIAM SHIMMIN, Esq., 4, Goth-street, Liverpool, writes: "Dec. 3, 1888.—Since wearing your Electropathic appliance my health has greatly improved. I am much better and stronger than I have felt for years."

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION AND PALPITATION.—HENRY GARDNER, Esq., Cotton Hill, Shrewsbury, writes: "March 9, 1889.—The Electropathic Belt which I had on Feb. 19 has done me an immense deal of good. I enjoy better health now than I have done for the last twelve years."

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Mr. C. B. HARNESS,

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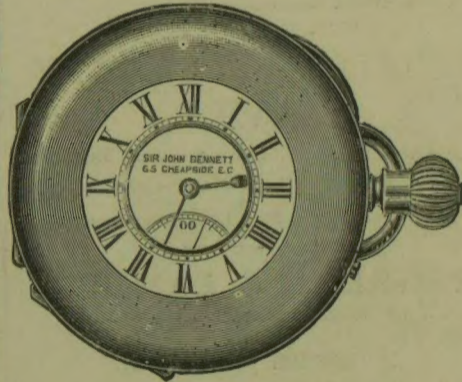
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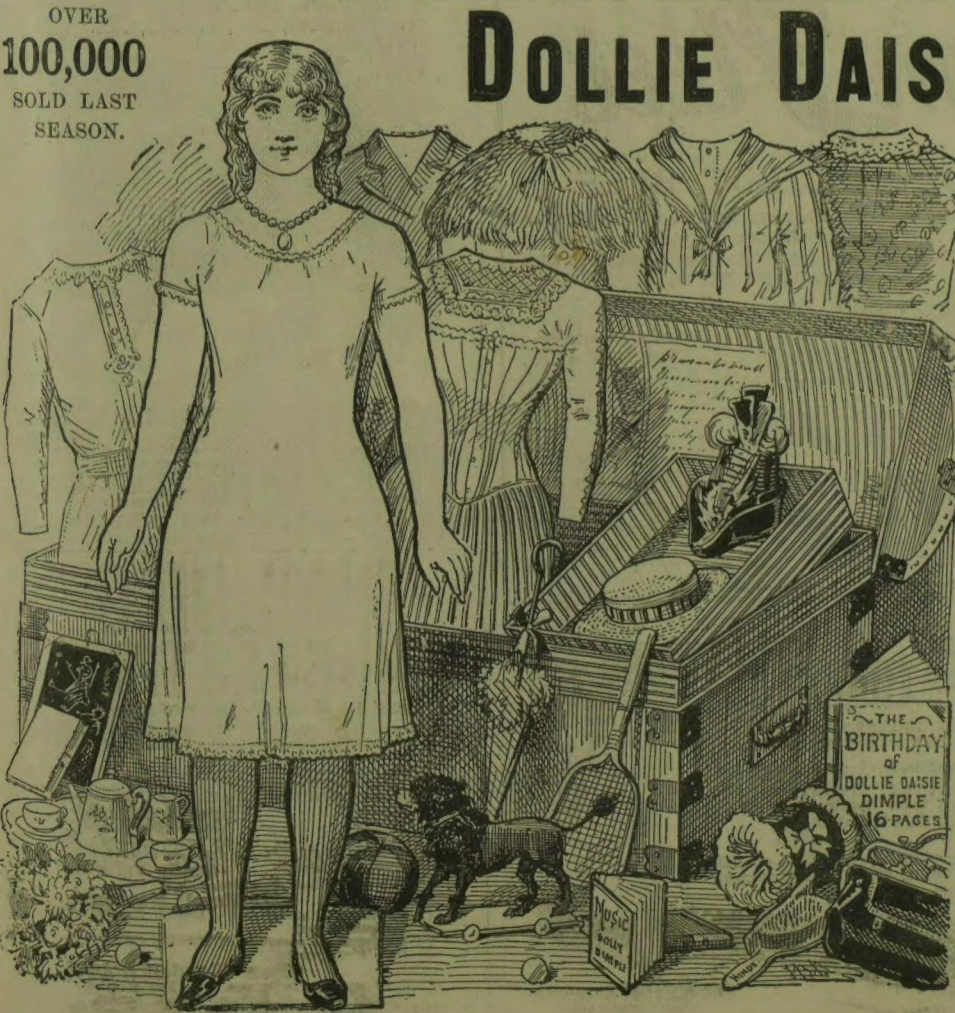
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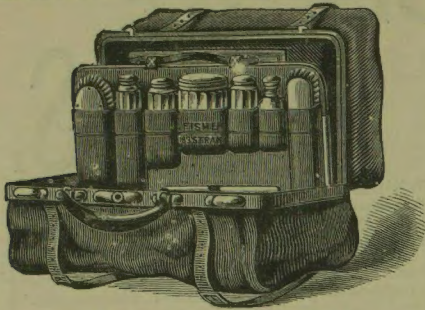
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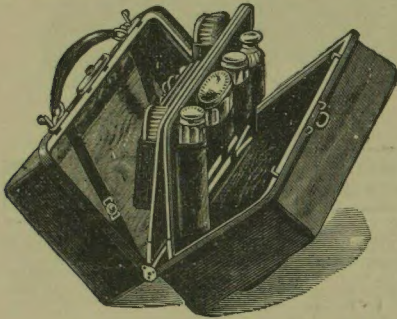
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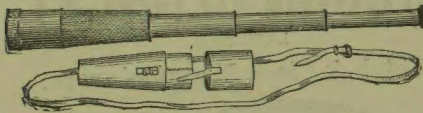
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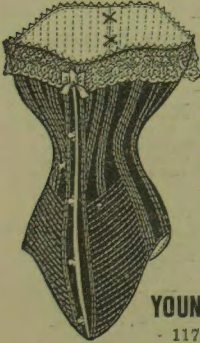
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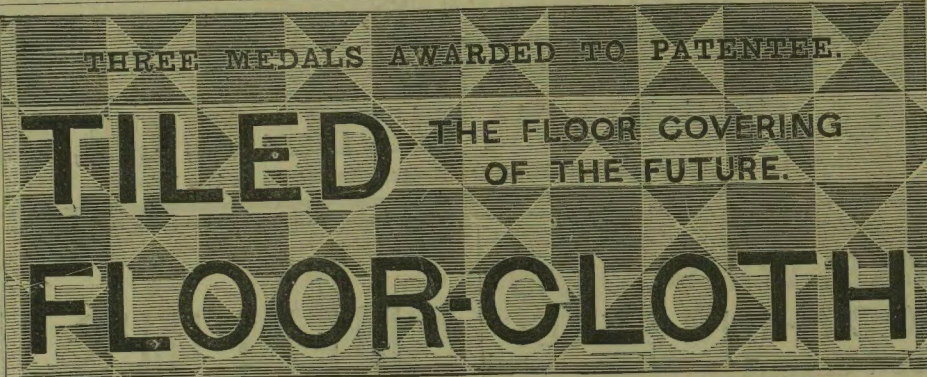
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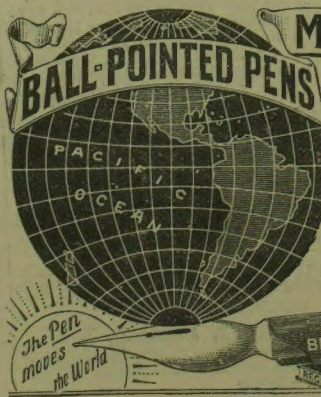
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